

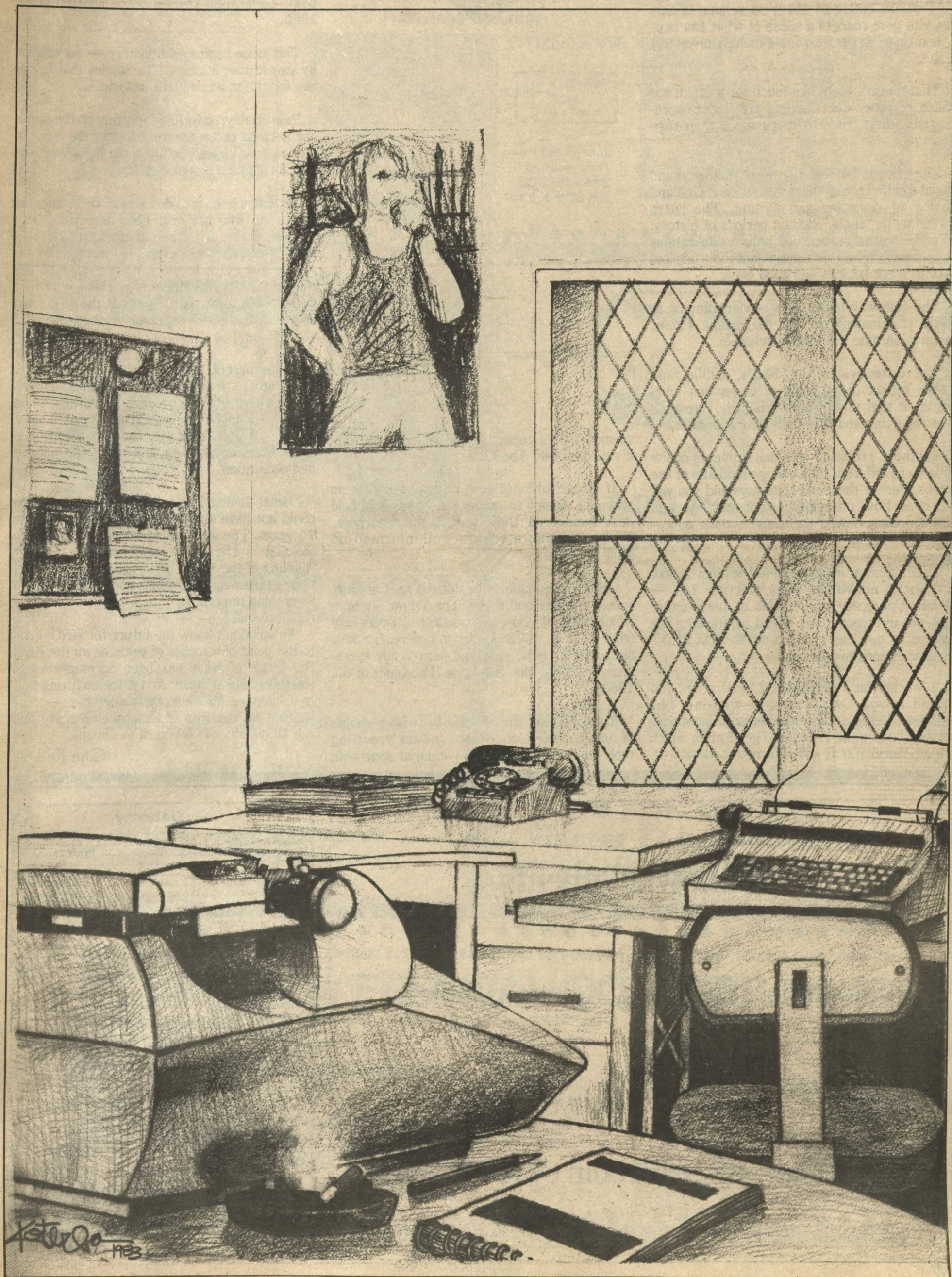
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THE Gateway

University of Nebraska at Omaha

A History



Introduction

These stories comprise a history of this university.

Beginning with 35 stories culled from student publications dating to 1910, 25 remain in this issue to give readers a sense of what has happened through the years at Omaha University/UNO.

That doesn't seem like much for such an expanse of time. Certain eras are under-represented, others given perhaps more than they deserve.

The criteria for selection were historical and social significance to the university and city, and quality of reporting and writing. The latter forced us to "slight" certain periods of history. In other words, student journalism publications — primarily The Gateway — had their ups and downs, slack periods and good ones.

The Gateway began as a student annual in 1914. It remained so until the middle 1920s, when it became a weekly newspaper.

The Gateways of the 1920s, 1930s, and 1940s reflect the attitude of newspaper journalism at that time. There was little investigative reporting and even less critical analysis.

Another "problem" was that students of the time were different than college students of the 1980s. Peruse these old Gateways and you will discover how differently your parents and grandparents viewed themselves, their education, their world.

Theirs was a world centered around school and social activities. They worked, too — Omaha University was founded on the premise that not everyone could afford to attend a big college — and they seemed products of an optimistic American tradition.

If World War I decimated a generation, you would never have known it reading The Gateway. Despite a few prescient commentaries on the Nazis in the 1930s, the generation which fought World War II and returned to Omaha U.

THE GATEWAY



UNIVERSITY OF OMAHA
1913

NO. 1. + VOL. 1.

seemed non-introspective on that experience — if you read only The Gateway.

If these old college newspapers seem strangely quaint to modern readers, it should be remembered they served their purpose. They kept the students well-informed on campus activities.

Other newspapers besides The Gateway sprung up here and there. The Yellow Sheet, a single page of copy, was published every day from 1912 to 1922. Underground publications surfaced the same year and periodically thereafter; the best was The Lone Haranguer of the 1960s.

It wasn't until the late 1960s (with a couple of notable exceptions) that Gateway reporting took on a more critical, adversarial approach.

Simultaneous with that change was the substantial improvement in the quality of writing — the young Turks had been unleashed. That is why this edition is weighted toward the recent past. Seventeen stories were written after 1950.

This issue begins with history — as written by two former staffers. The stories that follow are for the most part chronological.

Regrettably, many fine reporters on the paper are not represented here. Most of the familiar stories are. Virtually all of them have been edited for either clarity or space.

What has been included should be of interest to anyone who has ever been associated with this university. Sometimes anniversary celebrations overlook their purpose — namely, to examine why did it happen? What motivated the founders of Omaha University? Has any of that been lost in today's debate about the scope and role of education — especially in these times of tight money?

Agree or not with what is reprinted here, these stories remind us of the college experience. There is value in that, especially when some view higher education simply as a meal ticket to a good job instead of exposure to the ideas, literature, history, and values that shaped our civilization.

Daniel Jenkins, founder of this university, could not have known what it would be like in 75 years. The workers who built the Georgian building in the Depression probably weren't thinking of the 1980s, although the evidence of their craftsmanship indicates they knew it was something important.

We still don't know the future for UNO, even to the point of a couple of years down the road. But much of what has been accomplished is worth looking at again. And it seems fitting that this look — "a" history, remember — was written by students of Omaha University and the University of Nebraska at Omaha.

The Editors

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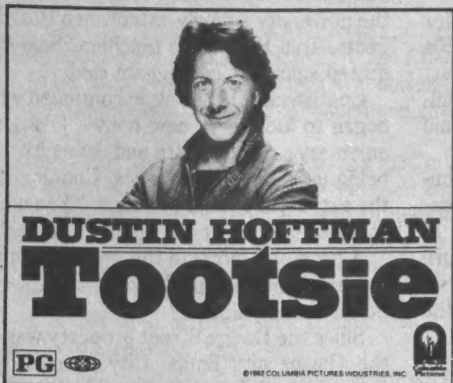


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Oct. 11, 1974

History

By Dick Ulmer

"It's always been a university for those who had to work to get by — the kids who weren't getting a free ride from Mom and Dad. I guess we didn't have a lot of activities or traditions, but I'm doggone proud of the education I got at OU."

So said Mrs. Olga Strimple, OU Class of 1917.

But they all said it. The graduates from '17, '38, '42, '56, and '66 all repeated the theme. Sure, there were remembrances of football games, parties and student politics, but underlying the nostalgia was the reality — "We had to work to get by."

That's the way it was in the beginning, too, when Dr. Daniel Jenkins, a Presbyterian minister, and a group of other concerned citizens established Omaha University in 1908 as a private, non-sectarian school for people who couldn't afford Nebraska or Creighton.

Supported only by contributions and tuition, the school was locked in a constant struggle to survive. Classes were held in a house at 24th and Pratt Streets, which had once been the residence of the wealthy Redick family. During those first winters, even heat was hard to come by.

Mrs. Strimple remembered.

"There was a time for awhile when they'd call us from school on Friday mornings to tell us whether or not there was enough coal for

the day. We students weren't smart enough to be happy with our time off; instead, we went out and told our parents about it. After that we had plenty of fuel."

Coal and buildings, however, were two different things. The OU student body began to grow from its original 26, and Redick Hall became rundown, but, according to Mrs. Strimple, public support for OU was still almost non-existent.

In 1916, however, the university received its first large gift from a private citizen, Mrs. M. O. Maul. Her money was used to build a combination gymnasium-classroom building at the 24th Street site.

"I was told year later," said Mrs. Strimple, "that Dr. Jenkins had tears in his eyes when he heard of the gift. He said, 'Thank God, the baby on 24th Street is going to live.'"

Another contribution from philanthropist George Joslyn helped build another important structure — Joslyn Hall.

The liberal arts were emphasized during OU's early days with other disciplines coming later, according to Mrs. Strimple. Even during the first decade, she added, student publications and athletic teams were already active. First called the Shetland Ponies and later the Cardinals, the athletes played other small colleges and compiled respectable records.

Parking was no problem in the early days —

Mrs. Strimple's Model T, a Cadillac, and another Ford were the only cars.

Another deviance from today's norm was the attitude of students. "You know, this youth worship hasn't come about until the last 10 or 15 years," said Mrs. Strimple. "Back then we had great respect for our teachers. Why, we thought Dr. Jenkins was right next to God."

Jenkins must have had an aura about him, for OU continued to grow through the 1920s without tax support. Finally, during the last years of his long stint as president of the university, it became apparent that changes would have to be made.

Talk of converting OU to a municipal university began during the Jenkins era and continued while Karl Wettstone was president in 1927-28. In 1929, the Nebraska legislature passed an act allowing cities to support colleges, and in 1930 it came to a vote of the people of Omaha.

One-time Omaha mayor and congressman Glenn Cunningham was on campus at the time and said he remembers that students participated in the battle to "go muni."

Said Cunningham: "Though the university had a lot of support, some people were opposed because it would raise their taxes. So we (students) worked hard doing things like handing out literature at the polls to get the proposal through."

The referendum passed by a margin of about 1,000 votes, but the university's growing pains were not over.

A new president — Dr. William Sealock — was brought in to upgrade OU's academic offerings. Along with him came some new professors. According to Cunningham, some of the instructors were considered "too liberal" by the university's newly-established Board of Regents. Told to fire the teachers, Sealock committed suicide, Cunningham said.

Controversy 1930s style continued when OU began to look for a new home. Though an elementary school at 24th and Ames Avenue was being used for some classes, Cunningham said the extra space wasn't enough. "The university was just bulging at the seams," he said.

A proposed move to the present campus put Cunningham and his fellow students into the political arena again.

Since the Dodge Street property was outside the Omaha city limits, City Council approval was required for annexation and zoning. Opposing the move was a powerful bloc including Henry Doorly — a prominent Omahan who owned the World-Herald at the time.

According to Cunningham, Doorly opposed the Dodge Street site because he lived nearby and "didn't want hot dog stands, pool halls and the like cluttering up his neighborhood."

Council votes were seemingly aligned 4-3



This is how Omaha University looked in 1920 when part of the campus was located at 24th and Pratt Streets (left). (From the Bostwick-Frohardt Photograph Collection, owned by KMTV and on permanent loan to the Western Heritage Museum, Omaha, Nebraska.) Reprinted by permission.

against the move, according to Cunningham, but student-led rallies, mass meetings and a letter-writing campaign may have swayed the vote of Mayor Dan Butler.

A federal grant helped finance a Georgian-style structure which is today's Administration Building. The move to Dodge Street was formally made in 1938.

Mrs. Ellen Gast, another student in the '30s, said enrollment at OU increased rapidly, partly because of the Depression. (Records show that enrollment went over 1,100 for the first time during the '30s and nearly doubled between 1930 and 1938.)

Most of the students were middle class Americans weathering out the Depression, she said. "None of us were in a group that could afford to go anywhere else."

Presently a teacher at Northwest High School, Mrs. Gast recalled grading German pa-

pers for 25 cents a day and riding street cars for two hours daily to get to and from school. But she also said social life continued despite the bad times.

Fraternities and sororities were strong, and in 1934, a group of students and alumni traveled to an Indian reservation at Macy, Neb. They returned with the nickname "Indians" for OU athletic teams plus the idea for a Ma-Ie Day celebration to be held around the first of May every year.

The final days at 24th and Pratt are recalled fondly by Mrs. Gast. "Sure, the buildings were old and the steps were worn, but we had an excellent faculty and everyone knew everyone else."

Most of those faculty and students were soon well established at the new facility on Dodge Street. Among the first students was Don "Flash" Pflasterer, an incurable jock who par-

ticipated in basketball, football, and track. The possessor of numerous university titles since his graduation, Pflasterer is now director of the Student Center.

Pflasterer said OU continued to move forward under the direction of President Rowland Haynes, but the school still needed to upgrade facilities.

He also remembered students of his time as being more traditional than those today. Greeks, he said, held many formal affairs during the course of a school year.

Students back then did have one similarity with modern students — a parking problem.

According to Pflasterer, students didn't care for parking regulations in the '30s and '40s, either. "We didn't have a real parking problem," he said, "but people were starting to drive cars and the lots weren't paved, which caused a few busted axles."

Parking meters had been installed, and predictably, students treated them with disdain. "Kids used to beat the system in the winter by squirting water in there so the meters would freeze up," said Pflasterer.

Even charging students for parking wasn't enough to turn back OU's monetary troubles, which by the late 1940s had grown to dangerous proportions again. Into this scene stepped a man who was to bring OU into the modern day — Dr. Milo Bail.

Bail, according to some, was dictatorial, but the school progressed under his tenure. He arrived in 1948, and by 1950 citizens of Omaha voted to raise OU's tax base from 1 to 2 mills.

The new president also oversaw the birth of the Bootstrap program, the construction of several new buildings and additions, and the beginning of the education and business col-

(continued on page 5)

One Georgian Building

By Jeanette Lant

It's been a long time since UNO has been anything other than a sprawling mass of concrete and cars. But several veteran professors of the institution still remember "the good old days" and whether they were really so good.

Dr. Carl W. Helmstadter, professor of accounting, has taught here the longest. Now retired but still teaching at UNO part-time, Helmstadter said he came to the university in 1929 when the campus was two buildings — one on 24th and Pratt Street and the other about eight blocks north of 24th and Ames Avenue.

He said Pratt Street was the main building, housing 10 classrooms and a gym. The Ames building, a condemned grade school, housed the sciences.

Helmstadter, who said the average teaching load in 1929 was 15 hours or more, believes the university had then and has now "a devoted, dedicated faculty doing its best to help students."

The 24th Street campus also holds memories for Dr. Paul Stageman, professor of chemistry, who started as a graduate assistant and began teaching regularly in 1941. Stageman said he spent all of his time in the Ames science hall and seldom visited the Pratt Street building.

In 1938, Omaha University moved to the newly-completed Administration Building on Dodge Street. Stageman said it "seemed big compared to 24th Street," and was built for a maximum enrollment of 1,200 students.

Despite the bigness of the building, the faculty still knew each other. Dr. John Lucas, emeritus professor of marketing, said there was "a close relationship among all disciplines," and in groups at lunch faculty members would discuss the "cross-fertilization among different disciplines."

Lucas began teaching at OU in 1938.

Teaching at the university has been very rewarding, according to Dr. Ralph Wardle, professor of English, who also came to OU in 1938. Wardle said when the university was smaller there was "more intimacy and personal contact between students and faculty." He added there was no time for research, however, because teaching alone was a full-time job.

Professor Cheryl Prewett, chairman of the department of industrial technology, came to OU in 1940. He said the university had a certain "charisma we don't have now."

During World War II, Prewett was the only full-time faculty member in the engineering department. He said all professors taught some "evening class that had to do with the war," usually attended by women, older men, and workers.

Prewett said there is "a more liberal-minded, questioning student now." He added that students in earlier days "questioned little about the administrative set-up" and just "followed the rules."

In 1942, Dr. Joyce Minter joined the university as an administrative assistant in the Dean of Students Office, a position she held until 1946 when she began teaching part-time. She has taught full-time since 1951.

Minter, professor of business administration, said she started as a shorthand and typing teacher when business was part of the College of Applied Arts.

At the time, OU was "one beautiful Georgian building, with lots of trees, green grass, and space," she said. In addition, Minter said she misses the time in which she knew other university people as well as she did those in her own college.

Professor Margaret Killian, chairwoman of the home economics department, said she didn't have an office during her first 17 years at OU. Killian, who has taught at the university



Circa 1950 . . . This was the Omaha University administration building, now known as Arts and Sciences Hall.

for 28 years, said she had a desk and file in the food laboratory, but the desk was covered and used as a serving table during classes.

She also said she first came to the university to teach psychology, and then became chairwoman of the home ec department at the same time. During the '40s she taught "as much as 36 hours a week . . . and the entire home ec curriculum."

Lloyd Cardwell, assistant professor of men's physical education, said he remembers the alfalfa field where the Fieldhouse now stands. Cardwell said there was a lack of facilities then with "one little old quonset hut for athletics as well as physical education."

He said OU football games had to be played at Benson High because the football field had no seats. Football games were first played here in 1949.

Dr. Paul Beck, professor of history, said he accepted a low salary to join OU in 1949 in order to teach his specialty, European history. Today he teaches American survey and constitutional history classes.

Beck said communication with other faculty members used to be easier. "Faculty didn't need 'interdepartmental memos'" or the phone to communicate a message, he said. Beck said he

could just "pass the word" or put a note on the bulletin board.

Dr. Francis Hurst, professor of psychology, arrived at OU in 1949. He said he was stationed in the Midwest during the war, liked the area, and was offered a job.

Students were more traditional in the '50s, according to Hurst. No students wore beards or had long hair, he said, and they would "conform to rules and regulations more readily." He also said that at one time he knew all faculty members by name, but "now I couldn't recognize some as being faculty."

Dr. Edwin Clark, professor of speech and head of the University Theater since 1951, said his theater classes and productions in those days had to "borrow materials from the Omaha Playhouse and from high schools." The art department helped design sets, he said, but he was the only staff member producing and directing the theater's plays.

Clark said he misses the "feeling of belonging" that was characteristic of OU. "It's something you don't have in a large university. One loses his identity in a mob."

The old days are gone and the university "family" has gone its separate ways. In another 20 years, maybe there will be a few more faculty members added to this list. What will they remember most about us?

(continued from page 4)
leges.

Bail still spends time at the university, and the memory of his tenure is still fresh. "Money was always our big problem," said Bail. "Some of the people back then didn't realize what an impact the Bootstrap was having."

Asked if the program for the active military had helped OU, he replied, "Help out! Hell, that's how the money got here in those days."

Building construction was always a problem, too, Bail recalled. Upon completion of the library in 1960, however, OU got a big financial boost when Omaha hotel magnate Eugene Epley donated \$850,000 toward it. Said Bail:

"He bought that library after it was already built. That single gift put us four years ahead in our building plans."

Ken Ford, a 1956 OU graduate, said students of his day were "different."

"We were good kids," said Ford. "Oh, we would kick up a little fuss about the conditions in the cafeteria once in awhile, but there was never any real rebellion against authority."

"I'm not saying that was good or bad. It was just a different time and we were different people."

Ford said OU's Greeks dominated campus activity during the '50s but, even then, events weren't well attended. "It was always the same story it's always been for the university — most of us were working students," he said.

Students in the '50s may have been carefree, but OU's financial condition wasn't. It continued to deteriorate.

In the early 1960s it became apparent to



Founder of OU . . . Daniel Jenkins had "tears in his eyes" upon receiving a donation in 1916 that kept the university going.

many, including Bail, that military dollars wouldn't be enough to keep OU operating. A move to have the mill levy boosted in 1964 failed, and Bail retired, realizing OU would probably end up finding other funding, as all other municipal universities had by then.

"We were the Last of the Mohicans," said Bail, "the last of the true municipal universities. I'm just proud it lasted that long."

The school remained a municipal university until December 1967, when Omahans voted to turn their school over to the University of Nebraska system by a margin of 4 to 1.

During the transition period of 1964-67, '66 grad Rich Thompsett said students were much like those of the '50s. "One of the great issues of our time," said Thompsett, "was whether or not students should be supervised in the Student Center. We really weren't politically aware."

But a change was coming, Thompsett noted, and it was evidenced by a small splinter group that opposed tradition and acted "more sophisticated." They were the first OU hippies.

Since then change has come even more rapidly for the university — the merger, Vietnam protests, skyrocketing enrollment, new buildings, a more severe parking problem, and the abolition of the Indian nickname.

The turnover has been so great, Thompsett said, that little at UNO is the same as it was even a decade ago. "The university isn't the same place it was when I went to school. The atmosphere, the higher level of sophistication, have made it a whole new ballgame."

Feb. 1, 1935

Begin with the Greeks

By Martin K. Speckter



"Get rich!" John Neihardt told me.

One might justifiably be surprised at these words coming from a poet, especially so if the poet is John Neihardt.

We had been speaking of a course in reading. Neihardt leaned towards me and placed a strong fist on my knee.

"Begin with the Greeks," he said. "There's corking good stuff there. Homer's *Odyssey*, *The Iliad*, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes."

"What will I get out of them?" I asked.

He spread his hands. "Life. They had a way of looking at things."

My ambition, a writing career, had been under discussion. Reading, said the poet, was essential — systematic reading by way of recapitulating the experiences of the human race on its highest levels.

"Those old fellows give you something you can't learn any other way — taste," said Neihardt. "They're good because they're good, not because we've put them on pedestals."

Neihardt lit a cigarette. His whole body seemed to go into the task. He puffed a while, deep in thought. "Read Socrates and Plato," he continued.

We talked of this and that. Everything was of interest to him. What did I write? What was I after? What did I wish to do ultimately?

And through it all, what did I read?

I should, he told me, have an orderly reading course. As he suggested, I'd better begin with the Greeks.

But I'd always thought they were rather old and therefore

worthless.

"Old?" he asked with a smile. "Can beauty ever be old?"

I replied that there was worthwhile reading material of the present. He nodded in assent, but —

"Can you limit the time of the Greeks?" said Neihardt. "Are not their fundamental truths as true today as they ever were? . . . It's masculine writing. 'Close up and a short sword,' you know."

"You must learn from some of the greatest spirits that have passed through the world."

His head nodded some more.

"Read the Greeks first," Neihardt directed. "Read them and get rich!"

John Neihardt, the last Nebraska poet laureate, lectured at Omaha University during January and February, 1935.

Feb. 8, 1935

An Idealist's President

By Alice Wear

The lineage of violinists with long bobs, professors with lax concentration, and reporters with gay, swaggering airs is almost extinct.

One is surprised to meet a character with categorizing eccentricities.

But Dr. William Elmer Sealock, a benevolent gentleman with a thick shock of pure white hair, who often putters in a woodland garden, and who manifests a supreme ambition for the University of Omaha, can meet an idealist's requirements for a president of a university.

Born in Rural Dale, Ohio, Sealock is a graduate of Columbia University and registered in Who's Who in America and Who's Who in American Education.

I willingly waited 30 minutes for a 10-minute chat about his azaleas, his golfing and hunting, and his plans for OU, before he was due at a Rotary Club luncheon.

He sat behind a small desk littered with papers — a large man in a gray tailored suit.

He talked easily of a high rolling campus of 60 to 100 acres situated not too far south and not too far north — a campus with an administration building, a science hall, a workshop, a gymnasium, and a football stadium.

His first goal is "a hugh campus that will not be cramped for space when a normal increase of enrollment is inevitable."

Sealock talked of another ambition, not unlike that of Willa Cather's lovable character from "The Professor's House." He'd like to

drive, alone, to all points south, west or east.

"I tried it once for four days," he said, "and I'd like to try it again, with, say, the Atlantic coast as my objective."

On his bookcase are pictures of Columbia University friends, on his wall a painting of "The Bridge of Sighs," and on his filing cabinet an old trophy.

"I'm lazy," Sealock said of his gardening. "I don't care to bother with annuals. I like the kind of shrubs that bloom year after year." Autumn-colored shrubbery of bright orange and scarlet takes his fancy rather than flowers, he confided.

He likes to putter with bulbs and trees and shrubs not native to Nebraska soil. He is a little worried about his azaleas, but his mountain

laurel and rhododendrons are "coming fine."

Sealock is modest about his golf score and insists that his once winning third place in a Nebraska tournament was a mistake. "I didn't even keep my score. Someone in the foursome did and just happened to turn it in," he said.

John Neihardt, the famous poet, opened the door and Sealock, a man of tremendous energy and an idealist's university president, hastened to make him welcome.

William Sealock committed suicide in July, 1935, in the wake of controversy involving himself and university regents. Sealock was a strong advocate of academic freedom for faculty members, including those sympathetic to communism.

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MONTESSORI SCHOOLS
of OMAHA

Bowing to Jim Crow

By Donald B. Johnson

Tension ran high at Omaha University last week concerning the possibility of racial discrimination in connection with the OU-Maryville football game played last Friday.

On Monday, Sept. 11, the Omaha World-Herald carried a report to the effect that Negro players would be unable to participate in a scheduled game with Missouri State Teacher's College at Maryville. The Gateway contacted Mr. Virgil Yelkin, director of athletics at OU, who stressed three fundamental points. They were:

1) "All contracts for the 1947 season were signed November, 1946, before the personnel of the football squad was considered. They

(contracts) made no mention of discrimination and were bonded with an appreciable sum. Any racial discrimination lies in Missouri state law."

2) "When the squad was selected, on the basis of ability alone, the personnel in question were contacted (and) informed that they would be unable to play in the Maryville game, but would be taken as members of the team, in uniform, to the site of the contest. The players agreed."

3) "In the future, no football game (will) be accepted with any team in any state which sanctions racial intolerance in any form."

Yelkin added the game would be played as scheduled. "We owe a moral obligation to all players and to the Missouri school," he said.

On Thursday, the World-Herald carried an excerpt from a letter sent by the Young Pro-

gressive Citizens of America to OU President Rowland Haynes. The Gateway procured a copy of the letter:

"It has come to the attention of the Omaha city chapter of the Young Progressive Citizens of America that the Negro members of the university's football team will not participate in the scheduled contest between Omaha University and Maryville Teacher's College, despite their physical and scholastic eligibilities being in order.

"It is needless to say that this state of affairs represents a low level of our American 'democracy'. We have no words to stress the viciousness of this particular type of discrimination — we can only condemn it as being unAmerican, undemocratic, and intolerant.

"We, of YPCA, therefore call upon you, as president of Omaha University, to exert your vested authority and prestige to cancel this game if it must be played under conditions that are not consistent with the spirit of our democratic, American principles."

The Gateway then contacted the players in question. Archie Arvin, Clon Fitz, Ruben Pierce, and N.C. Fitz signed a statement that there was "absolutely no discrimination" on behalf of athletic officials or fellow students.

Then, through a telephone call to E. A. Davis, athletic director of Missouri State teacher's College, the paper was informed that the questioned discrimination was not an institutional law but was embodied in the statutes of the State of Missouri. He further stated that his college would play OU in Omaha with no thought of color line.

An Editorial

The facts crystallize themselves into several encouraging conclusions. Summarily, they indicate that the entire structure of Omaha University is founded on an honest acceptance of racial equality. Specifically, they do uncover a few examples of human error and a wealth of extenuating circumstances. Let's keep a clear head, and examine the whole situation . . .

No doubt, officials at the university showed a certain lack of foresight in scheduling a game which incurred observance of Jim Crow law. The error, however, can be logically attributed to the natural consequences of vast and complicated problems which face any program in its embryonic phase.

In November, 1946, determined attempts were being made to arrange a (football) schedule on a piece-meal basis, a task which is not appreciated by those who have no knowledge of intercollegiate red tape. The color line, at no time, had occasion to rear its ugly head. The contracts in themselves gave no mention of racial discrimination.

The prejudice, tragically, lies in the framework of Missouri state law; therein lies the grounds for effective criticism. Unwarranted attack on university officials, in light of these circumstances, would appear to embody the principles of inquisition rather than an earnest desire to attain a worthwhile end.

Another fact vividly portrays the earnestness with which the athletic staff faced an ugly situation. At no time did they refuse to face the issue. It would have been a rather simple task to

assign Negro personnel to the "B" squad, thus effecting a graceful retreat. But look at the facts. Three Negro players are represented on the varsity, and all declare, implicitly, they have been accorded "absolute fair treatment" by officials and fellow players.

The demand of YPCA for cancellation of the game overlooked a complicated interplay of moral obligation and good sense. The primary objection would seem to be that such action would accomplish nothing, except, perhaps, to afford some people a rather hollow sort of pride. Actually, the aims of YPCA, The Gateway and all factions concerned had been satisfied by Virgil Yelkin's statement that the error had been realized, and future athletic policy would be based on absolute amateurism and racial equality.

There existed, in addition, certain obligations involving the integrity of Omaha University's given word . . . to a school, mind you, which is the victim of intolerance rather than the perpetrator of such.

We are fully convinced the crucial issue has been detected and that the solution is a wise one. Omaha University is emerging from its infancy into the maturity of a real and influential educational institution. Athletics will be an integral part of university functions, as they deserve to be. The basis, we know, will be sound and intrinsically honest, and students will be proud of its character. Therein lies a sound foundation for a realistic school spirit.

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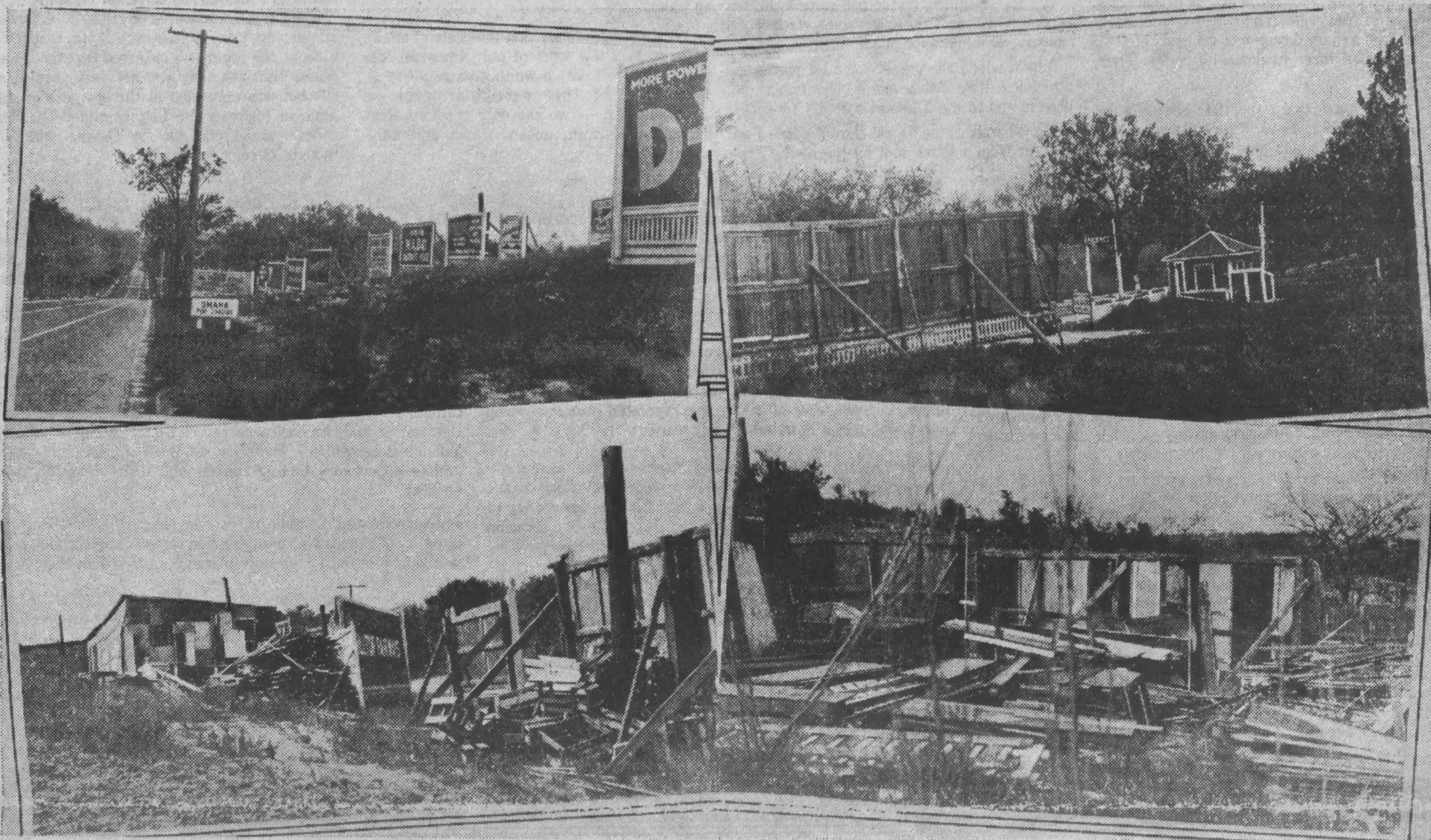
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SITE CONTROVERSY GROWS



Mrs. Richard H. Young, representing her father, Henry Doorly, publisher of the World-Herald, at a City Council meeting Monday, told listeners "that she did not believe the site advisable for a university, and . . . it would tend to harm a fine residential district." The above pictures, taken at the site, show the high standard of the property at present. Mrs. Young evidently believes that landscaping and removal of trash will devalue the neighboring property.

SOUTH SIDERS FAVOR PRESENT ELMWOOD SITE

South Side Location Not Favored; Want Present Site Kept

Announcement of the Elmwood site selected and purchased by the Board of Regents last week has met with the approval of the majority of South Omaha students.

The offers of tracts near River-view Park and 42nd and Grover Sts. and the question as to whether or not South Omaha students could attend classes at the Elmwood site has been disputed.

"The city is growing in a general north west direction and the chances of expansion make the Elmwood site the most desirable," said Harriet Salmon, '39, a South High graduate.

Louis Boettcher, '39, and Edward Dulacki, '39, South Omaha students who favor the Elmwood site, expressed similar opinions.

"The Elmwood site would be more accessible than the present campus and in the downtown district there would be no chance for expansion," stated Theda Anthes, '38, another South Omaha student.

Edgar Kersenbrock declared that, "Most of the students from South Omaha drive to school now

(Continued on Page 2)

Gateway Sponsors Site Poll

The University's future is at stake!

The regents' choice of the West Dodge site for a new campus has aroused protests by those who sincerely believe the location is unsuitable for the students as well as by those who wish to protect their special economic interests.

What do the students think about it?

Do you prefer the Elmwood site or a downtown location?

A student ballot on this question is being sponsored by The Gateway, beginning today and continuing Monday and Tuesday. Vote at The Gateway office, in the Men's faculty building.

Get the facts!

Think!

Then vote!

Dramatics Department to Present "Followers," "Suppressed Desires"

The dramatics department, under Mrs. Jean Jarmin and Bess Greer Shoecraft, assistant, will present plays and repertoire in the first recital of the year, October 29, in the Joslyn Hall auditorium.

The Beginners' Play Production class will give a one-act comedy, "Followers," by Harold Brighouse, under the student direction of Myrtle Jorgensen. Phyllis Bauman will play the leading role, supported by Gertrude Johnson, Helen Mickna and James Cisar.

"Suppressed Desires," a play by Susan Glaspell, will be presented by the Advanced Play Production class, with Esther Silverman as the lead. Other members of the

Alumni Association To Hold Meeting In Jacobs' Hall Tonight

Terming the present situation confronting the University a "crisis in the history of Omaha University" the site committee of the Alumni association has invited all students, parents and friends of the school to a meeting to be held Friday at 8 p. m. in Jacobs' Hall. The committee plans to map out a campaign of action to put the feelings of the general public before the city council.

cast are Lillian Anderson and Jack Pike.

Mrs. Shoecraft delivered several dramatic readings at a meeting of the South Side Junior Woman's club, October 13.

DECISION ON WEST DODGE SITE DEFERRED DUE TO CONTROVERSY

Council Delays Commitment On Annexation; Regents Give Reasons For Choice

Controversy over the West Dodge location selected by regents for Municipal University resulted in a motion by the city council this week to defer commitment on the site for three weeks.

Further complicating the situation was the offer of Mrs. Gould Dietz to donate a 20-acre tract at

42nd and Grover streets for the University campus.

Hird Stryker of the regents' committee, speaking for the chosen site, declared the council was obligated to vote for annexation, since the regents had been authorized by law to make a selection.

Opponents of the West Dodge proposal included Mrs. Richard H. Young, who spoke in behalf of her father, Henry Doorly, publisher of the World-Herald, now out of the city; Mace Brown, president, and Ernest Bowerman, secretary of the Central Labor Union; Peter Mehrens; Anthony Zaleski, South Omaha attorney; William L. Randall, former Nebraska legislator; and Mrs. A. F. Jonas, 106 South 31st avenue.

Mrs. Young asserted the proposed site would not only tend to harm a fine residential district, but would cause home builders to go farther west, with a proportionate loss of tax revenue to the city. Others declared the Dodge location is beyond the reach of "the common people," besides presenting transportation difficulties.

Mrs. Jonas proposed the region just west of the Joslyn Memorial as a likely site and as a means of slum clearance.

Brown declared Tuesday that organized labor in Omaha had de-

(Continued on Page 2)

"Labor Chose Campus Site"

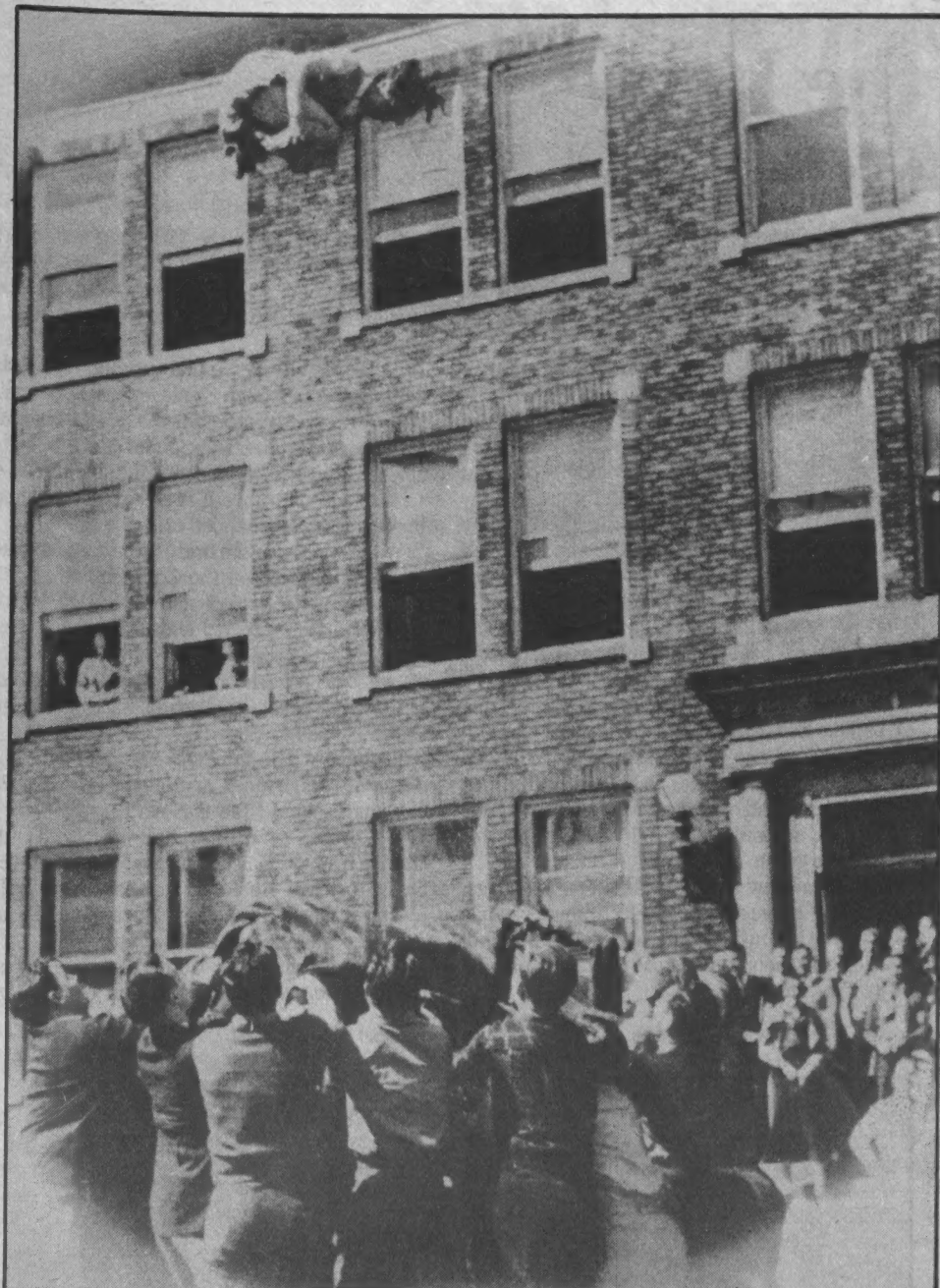
—HERALD

Mace Brown, president of the Omaha Central Labor Union, declared Tuesday that organized labor had chosen a site for the University campus over a year and a half ago, between Farnam and Dodge streets, from Twenty-fifth street west to Park avenue.

According to the board of regents, this property has been considered. Twelve acres were found available at prices varying from \$15,000 to \$20,000 an acre. To acquire the twelve acres would require an outlay of around \$200,000. The price of the present site is \$22,500.

President Haynes believes that twelve acres, checker-boarded and cut up by streets, would be inadequate for proper housing of the University.

1937



Guess who?

What goes up . . . In 1937, Life magazine came to Omaha University to see what students were up to . . .



Must come down . . . In those days they called this sort of thing "campus hijinks," and it all happened at the old OU campus at 24th and Pratt Sts . . .



I'm so dizzy . . . Smiling after her "rug ride" is a young co-ed named Frances Blumkin (left). If you can't guess who this person is today, turn to page 23.

April 25, 1982

Crash on the Levee

By Charlotte Weinberg

During the Missouri River flood, more than 1,000 OU students volunteered to help stem the tide. On April 14, Gateway reporter Charlotte Weinberg and photographer Charlie Simpson made a successful expedition through restricted flood areas.

Our first view of the river was from a spot high in Mandan Park. There the Muddy Mo looked almost tranquil to the many picknicking sightseers. Our goal—Council Bluffs. We considered the South Omaha bridge but gave that up when we saw little traffic, no pedestrians, and heavy patrols on the bridge.

Before attempting to get to Council Bluffs, we decided to explore the flood evacuation centers in Omaha. The public library held storytelling hours for children.

At Dewey Park, the custodian said the park would be turned into an emergency center if it were needed. Although it was a warm, sunny day, the tennis courts were deserted.

Leaving the car in the downtown area, we walked to the Salvation Army headquarters. The big, drab building was a mass of bedding and busy women who told us they would have a full house of 150 (evacuees) that night. A man told us they needed help at the clothing center at 9th and Douglas Streets, and we figured this was a good excuse to get nearer the bridge.

At the Douglas Street bridge, Charlie told

the two officers he was from OU and wanted to take some pictures. They said he could go up on the bridge for a few minutes, but I'd have to wait down below. I joined a group of men who were trying to talk the policemen into letting them cross.

One old-timer, arguing with the officials, said he would "swim across if they don't let me go." Four high school boys came up and were allowed to cross when the officers decided "if they were wearing hip boots, they really wanted to work."

I began to ask the officers some questions. They asked me why I wanted to know so much about the flood. I said I was from The Gateway—I wanted to get to the Bluffs to talk to some of the students who were working on gangs there.

One officer looked at the other and said, "Well, she's in sort of an official capacity. Let's let her cross." And that's how we crossed the bridge—without official permission or passes.

Out on the bridge, the peaceful-looking river was a muddy mass of swollen water. We were dizzy just looking at it.

Workmen on the bridge were installing a coaxial cable. The original cable was under the bridge and in danger from the flood. "This won't go unless the bridge goes," commented one worker.

At the middle of the bridge, two men were taking a river reading with a machine similar to a giant pulley. They said that the river had risen four-tenths of a foot since 8:30 a.m. It was after 2 p.m.

At the Council Bluffs side, a gang of men were sandbagging the pits near Playland Park. When the policeman guarding the entrance to the pit took a breather, we made our way gingerly to the river bank—crawling on sand bags circling the dangerous sand boils.

About 100 men were working there. They were surprised to see a girl and stopped swearing—temporarily. The men were forming to parallel lines about 75 feet long. They were passing the bags to check a new sand bubble. I asked one man how it felt after heaving the bags for four hours.

"Listen, after four hours, you don't feel any more," he replied.

I also asked one of the leaders how the OU kids were doing. "A fine job," he reported. He said the only calamity was at noon when the Red Cross showed up with 13 sandwiches for the entire group.

I joined a crew of OU fellas filling sandbags. I helped tie the bags for 15 minutes while Charlie put down his camera to get the feel of heaving 25 sandbags a minute—each weighing 50 to 60 pounds.

Charlie and I left the OU gang and walked down Broadway. Council Bluffs was ghostly quiet. The only sign of life was along the main street. National Guardsmen were on duty at each side street.

At the City Hall, we met a group of OU students who had been deployed there to rest. While we were there, 50 more OU boys unloaded from a relief truck. Then someone called out, "There's a truck from OU outside." All scrambled out to see if it was back to school. It was, so we all hopped on.

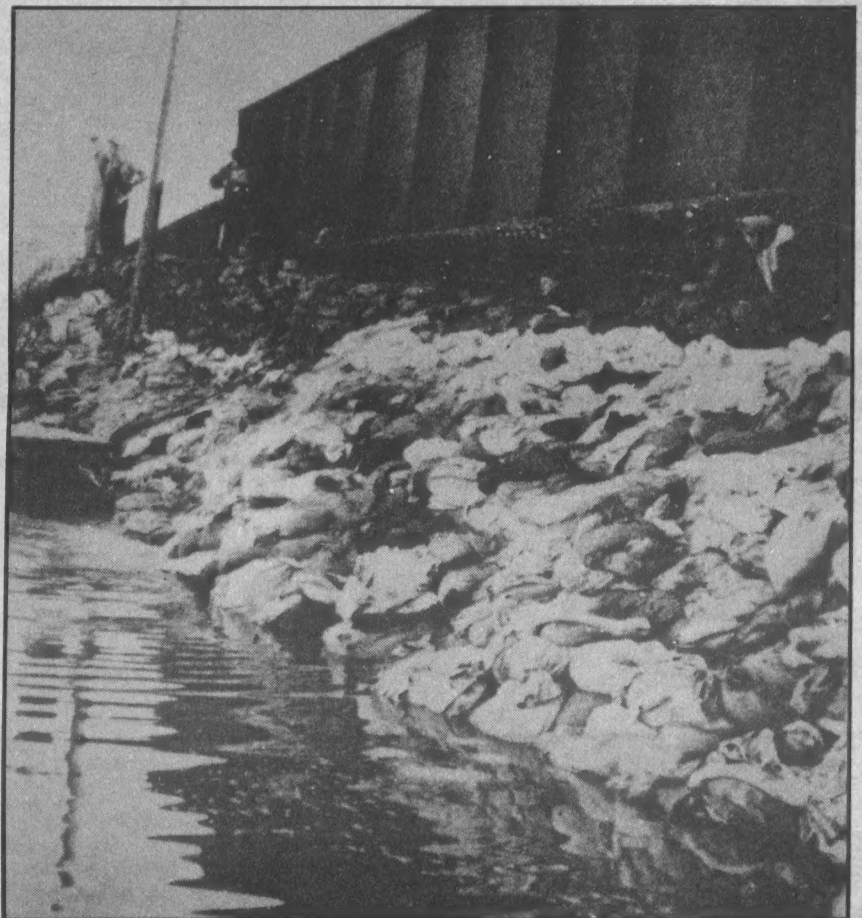
When we got to the bridge, the wooden dikes had been finished on the Council Bluffs side.

Charlie and I got off at 14th Street. We decided to drive to North Omaha to see some of the men out there. All the roads were blocked, so we took Charlie's secret way to Hummel Park. We got past some roadblocks and stopped at the pavilion.

From here, the river looked quiet again. Submerged trees, houses, and radio towers verified our impression of the disaster.

We drove everywhere all day with little trouble from officials. Ironically, just as we were about to leave Hummel, a police truck pulled up and stopped. They didn't question us—just sat there and glared until we left.

We drove past the road barriers and started the drive home. It was 7 p.m. and getting dark.



Down in the flood . . . OU students (above left) helped stem the flow by putting sandbags on the banks of the Missouri River.

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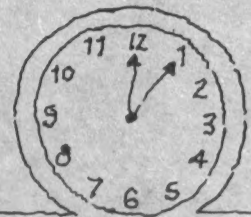
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Our Generation: Two Views

Nov. 5, 1954

Every now and then our generation finds itself stopped dead in its tracks, open-mouthed, appalled at the older generation's complete lack of confidence in us. It would seem our elders are not convinced they have taught us to use good judgment or to be good citizens.

Since the close of World War II, they have cautioned and warned us of the "communist threat." They criticized and purged our teachers for even mentioning "that word" in class. They campaigned to remove all "subversive" books in our libraries. And yet we are more realistic about facing communism than they are.

Our "generation of realists," as we have been termed, was born into a fast-moving and disrupted world. Many of us — in fact, nearly 25 percent of the men in this university — have met the "communist threat" face to face on the battlefield. Our elders seem less concerned when we meet it that way than when, as students, we attempt to face issues dealing with communism in the classroom. Instead, we find ourselves facing a charge of "unAmericanism" when we want to study, read or listen to anything dealing with communism.

The "Red Scare" has scored heavily upon academic freedom in American colleges and universities. Not only are our professors purged as "pinkos" or "subversives," but our administrators seem to be giving up such old-fashioned philosophies as freedom of inquiry, the exchange of ideas, and freedom of speech.

The latest evidence that our elders lack confidence in our generation comes from our own university as well as teachers colleges throughout Nebraska. For the Board of Regents, which normally is not called upon to decide such matters, at its next meeting will determine whether the university will debate: "Resolved: That the United States should extend diplomatic recognition to the communist government of China."

The question will go to the regents because of recent protests charging that the topic is "loaded," "pink," "slanted," and otherwise considered to be "unAmerican." When the board meets we hope it will consider the following points:

1. In August, the Committee on Intercollegiate Debate of the Speech Association of America mailed a preferential poll to all member forensic directors. The poll listed five

possible topics which the professors were asked to rank in order of preference. The present topic was selected when the results showed the directors to be in favor of it by 91 votes. Six people alone, as has been stated, did not select the topic; rather, these six people acted as an electoral college.

The University of Omaha did have freedom of choice in that the same list of topics was sent to representatives of our debate and speech departments. Regardless which topic was selected, the majority opinion, as in past years, should have been accepted.

2. By ruling that the university will not debate the issue, the regents would keep our debate team from competing nationally. If it is a matter of freedom of choice, we also might choose to have Coach Cardwell's team play 12-man football, Canadian style. However, this would eliminate us from competition with such teams as Wayne University and others on this season's schedule.

3. Pre-judging a debate topic is not wise, but study the proposition: "That the United States should extend diplomatic recognition to the communist government of China." Is there anything in that topic which logically would make

communists of those engaged in research for debate? "Diplomatic recognition" does not mean "approval." The U.S. government now recognizes Communist Russia. Can any realistic American say he approves of Russia and its philosophy of government?

Commenting that each debate team would have to spend half its time arguing the communist side, Dr. Herbert L. Cushing, president of Kearney State Teachers College, said a few thousand American college youths would be indoctrinated "with a dangerous philosophy."

We think it is a dangerous philosophy for a college president to believe that his students could not argue the topic objectively without turning into "fellow travelers" or worse. Cushing, in his pre-judgment, shows his lack of confidence in American students.

We urge the regents to be realistic when they meet to discuss this problem — to decide to let the debate department use the topic, proving the university is not so narrow-minded as to believe the discussion will make communists of debaters.

Before the regents met, OU President Milo Bail on Nov. 17 reluctantly approved the debate topic.

Saintly, man. . .

By Warren T. Francke

Odds are you're not a beatnik. Neither am I.

But every fershlugginer (how archaic) student is a member of the beat generation. In other words, the label is well-glued on.

No escape. Even those who are speeding fastest toward the gray flannel-lined coffin that symbolizes life for the organization man can't shake out from under our generation's name.

So let's look the label over.

The source? Simple . . . Jack Kerouac coined the term in "On the Road" . . . "this beat generation."

Meaning: beat like way up there saintly beatific, man; or like really down, beaten into a nonresistive state. An oversimplification.

And whence the beatniks? Well, let's kick this corny term

right now. It's a San Francisco columnist's pride and joy.

He thought it up all by himself about the time newspaper headlines began calling satellites "sputniks."

His beatniks are the North Beach crowd in S.F. . . partly a present day version of the Bohemian cultist . . . partly something new with a purpose. Kerouac calls them "The Subterraneans."

And out of Allen Ginsberg's "Howl" of anger, Kerouac's search for self-realization, the verbal blasts of others here, and England's angry young men may come new, nobler status for the individual.

And may not.

There is one concrete result. We have among us the faddists.

They conform in their non-conformity. They affect all styles which fit their stereotyped picture of the so-called beatnik . . . sometimes beards, black stockings, Zen Buddhist medals.

Which seems a little silly in our good old provincial Midwest (though this may be a valid excuse for the whole beatnik pose).

But back to the beat generation, and forget about the beatniks. Critics cry of cowardice by these writers who seem to thrive on despair, disgust, resignation, and escape.

Most of these critics are fools.

They would bull-like rush on in the flight, full of optimism, ignoring the disaster that greets stupid "guts" in this age of instant H-bomb death. I'll take the beat writer any day.

The beat author at least considers his surroundings, and even if his answer says: IT'S NO USE, GIVE UP, the answer is more satisfying than the critic's "forward, onward, fight the good fight" babble.

—April 17, 1959



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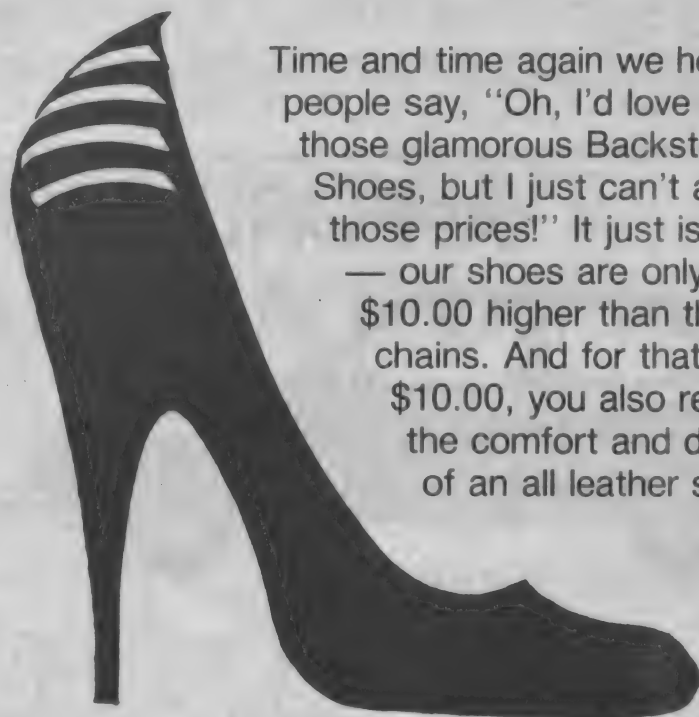
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Rumblings of Revolt

An 8½ x 11 sheet of paper labeled "REBELLION" greeted Omaha University faculty and students Thursday morning.

The sheet, distributed sometime during the early morning hours and UNSIGNED, except for "From a fellow student," called for "students of Omaha University to stop talking about high tuition, and fight . . ."

The sheet is reprinted in full for those students or ego-seekers who missed it, or merely want to see it again:

"It is time the students of Omaha University stop talking about high tuition, and fight with what tools we have.

"With tuition being \$14 an hour now, God only knows what it'll be next year, or the year after.

"Dr. Bail was a good man, and did a lot for the students, but the pressure was too great for one man, so now it is time we, the students, rebel.

"The University of California proved that for a right cause the students can win, and so can we if we work together.

"With teamwork, this ridiculously high tuition can be beaten, and maybe instead of working 50 hours a week to live and pay tuition, we can spend more time at our studies and get an education.

"I have nothing to offer but hope of VICTORY, and my life, for our cause.

"We have before us many, many long months of struggle and suffering.

"You ask what is our aim. With this I answer: VICTORY at all costs, no matter how long it takes or how much suffering; for without victory there is no survival for the New Generation.

"We shall not fail, we shall fight to the end, we shall fight where fighting is needed, and fight with growing confidence and strength. We shall never surrender.

"With all our power and might we shall step forth to the rescue of humanity, for humanity's sake, and if we fail, all that we have cared for and known will sink into the abyss of a dying generation.

"Let us therefore obtain VICTORY, for in victory we shall

rejoice in glory and stand forward as champions of a worthy and noble cause: the rights of man . . . to maintain his rights.

"Think this over my fellow students, as we need your support.

"Only we the students can stop OU from becoming a money-making machine, and force it to become a good university with fair price rates and freedom of speech for all, poor and rich alike.

"I thank you for reading this, as it is to your benefit, for we can and shall obtain VICTORY.

"I shall have out a new edition of 'Rebellion' within a few weeks. Be ready for it . . .

From a fellow student."

President Leland Traywick met with Dean of Student Personnel Donald Pflasterer about the sheet and expressed surprise over it. He said a number of the sheets were found outside his office door by his secretary, Hazel Spangler.

Traywick questioned the validity of an unsigned letter. "How much belief do you put into this type of thing?" the president asked.

He said he wished he knew more about the letter and its author. "We'll just have to see how things go," Traywick said.

Pflasterer said he didn't know if the author of the sheet was a student or not. He noted, however, if the author is a student and does have a legitimate disagreement with the university, "this is not the way to get it resolved.

"As dean of student personnel it is my duty to field arguments and gripes from students," he said, "and my door is always open to the students. A student is welcome to come and talk to me any time during the day."

Pflasterer said he couldn't tell by looking at the sheet if it was distributed by "just one person or a group." He said the sheet is typical of the "unrest" among many college students across the country. "However, I think this type of thing would have less concern here at Omaha University."

Pflasterer said a tuition change doesn't come overnight. "It comes only after careful and thoughtful deliberation."

University Planner Clarence Lefler said he issued orders to remove the sheets from the campus. He said he noticed the sheet when he arrived on campus at 8 a.m. Thursday morning.

By Leo Meidlinger

One of the first things I learned as a journalism major at Omaha University was to put little or no faith in an unsigned letter.

I learned, and believed, that a person who wrote a letter, and for whatever reason failed to sign his name to it, was either a bigot or hypocrite and was afraid of the consequences his signature on a controversial matter might bring.

Who are you, "fellow student?" Who forced you to come to OU? If you are dissatisfied with the tuition you pay, why not try and find another university?

Of course, that may not be the point in question.

"Fellow student," although the first part of your dissertation talked about tuition, you fail to reaffirm your proposition later in the text. You ask what your aim is, and then with an overabundance of words fail to explain what your cause really is. "VICTORY at all costs," you say. "VICTORY" for what?

Come forward, Cock Robin, and let us know who you are, why you are, and what you are.

I fail to see what possible purpose, except controversy for controversy's sake, your little sheet intended.

Tactics like this are found only when a person or group so

frustrated or completely removed from reality can no longer cope with his "dream world." UTOPIA WE WILL NEVER HAVE, FELLOW STUDENT.

Why didn't you go to a university official, perhaps President Traywick, who could do something about it?

"The New Generation," you say. Define, become more concrete. What is it you really want? Perhaps you or your organization doesn't really know what is wanted or needed.

If your new edition of "Rebellion" ever reaches the stands, I will eagerly await it. I enjoy reading poorly constructed, ambiguous material.

Here's an afterthought, "fellow student": In your little dissertation you complain of working 50 hours a week "to live and pay tuition." The point is, if you spend 50 hours a week working to "live," who was fool enough, or was it you, to pay to have this "rag" printed? It was done offset, and that would run into a small, maybe even a considerable, amount of money. You'd better work 70 hours next week to pay for that "thing."

By the way, fellow student, why didn't you use The Gateway as your medium of communication? It would have been much cheaper than taking your newsletter to a commercial lithographer.

COCK ROBIN, who are you, why are you, what are you?



Omaha University in 1960 . . . the view looks west from the administrative building) at right. This placid scene changed as the '60s progressed and

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My Rag

The author of the much-talked-about sheet "REBELLION" has identified himself. He is Michael James Thompson, a former OU student.

Thompson dropped out of school last semester because he was "priced out by the ridiculously high tuition."

He said the already high tuition will undoubtedly go higher to help finance the proposed engineering and sciences building and additional parking facilities.

Thompson defined the tools which the students must fight with as "REBELLION" itself, editorials, radio, television and newspaper coverage and, if necessary, demonstrations and sit-ins.

He apparently deemed them necessary Monday morning as he picketed the courthouse for an hour. The supporters he expected failed to materialize.

Thompson made it clear he will not employ tactics like those used at Berkeley.

"Our efforts will all be peaceful," he said. "We will fight with the printed and spoken word, with peaceful walks and picketing."

"We're not against the administration," Thompson said. "We just want to bring this problem to the attention of the taxpayers. We need their support."

Thompson's letter stressed VICTORY. The

victory he spoke of is an increase in the mill levy to support OU.

Explaining the vagueness of his paper, Thompson said it was designed to get attention. He said the next issue of "REBELLION" will define his goals and the means of realizing them.

There were 3,500 copies of "REBELLION" printed at a cost of \$20. Thompson said the money was contributed by "students who care."

Remarking on the possibility of running his next letter in The Gateway, Thompson said, "How much publicity does The Gateway get? My 'rag', as it has been called, received coverage from the newspapers, radio and television. For one day's work by one man, I think I got very good results."

Thompson takes full credit for writing, printing and distributing the sheet.

"Something like this should have been done long ago. However, now is a good time to act. In just a few weeks we will have a new city government. We must get it behind us from the start if we are to win. If I fail, someone else will take up the cause. We will fight to the end. We shall not fail."

Thompson plans to have his next issue of "REBELLION" in print within the next two weeks.

Cock Robin

By J. C. Milton

Anyone for a coup?

I think a "fellow student," or, as he is better known among the in crowd, Cock Robin, has got a good thing going with this rebellion stuff — but, of course, I'm easily swayed by emotional rhetoric. For example, Mr. Robin says: "If the revolution fails, we will sink into an abyss of a dying generation." Gee, I love that kind of talk.

Yet, I can't help but feel that \$14 a credit hour is worth sinking into an abyss of a dying generation over, or about, or for. However, I do feel that the parking problem out here is worth sinking into an abyss for. As a matter of fact, I am currently parking my car in an abyss somewhere down in Elmwood Park.

The only question I have to ask "fellow" is how he is going to go about this rebellion business? Is he going to throw ink at the library?

Is he going to plant a plastic bomb in the artesian well? Is he going to go on a hunger strike? Or, is he going to get fanatical about it and write a letter to the Public Pulse?

I think what this guy needs more than anything is a little organization. One can't carry off a coup without a little planning, as they well know in Saigon. If Cock Robin goes off half-cocked, he will, no doubt, make a shambles of the whole uprising, and then where shall we be? Parking in some abyss in Elmwood Park, that's where.

Unfortunately, I cannot offer much in the way of organization. The last thing I organized were my philosophy notes, and now I can't tell Kant from Dewey.

To be honest about the whole thing, I'm not feeling up to a rebellion of any kind, so I think "fellow" is going to have to go it alone.



Administration building. That's the Pep Bowl in the center and the Eugene Eppley Library (now the administration building) in the background. The building has fostered underground papers and a sit-in.



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Proud Past-
Exciting Future

The Blind Society

Reprinted by permission of the author.

By Jim Bechtel

Man's brain operates at roughly 10 percent efficiency, yet it is generally assumed — in regard to psychedelics — that any alteration of our ordinary, everyday consciousness has to be an alteration downwards to an inferior mode of perception. Why?

What if LSD really is the first in a line of chemicals to enable a man to utilize a greater percentage of his mental potential?

In H. G. Wells' "Country of the Blind," a man

with eyes blunders into a hidden valley, whose inhabitants are all eyeless. He is, of course, considered insane because he sees things. They even try to cure him by taking the cause of his insanity, his eyes.

Psychology often defines the mentally ill as those who fail to adjust to their social environment. But what if the society itself is "blind"? What if it suffers from what psychoanalyst Erich Fromm calls a "socially patterned defect"? Then the best-adjusted individual is he who sees the least.

The analogy? American capitalism puts a pre-

mium on the profit incentive. Mass consumption and Madison Avenue create an orientation based on the use and accumulation of material goods.

Interest-group political theory upholds a broker model of government in which power determines legislation — where no one can speak for the "public welfare," only for private interests.

The result? A man who lies and cheats for the successful selling of used cars and swampy real estate is rewarded by wealth and influence.

People are so alienated they stand by and

watch a woman knifed. A two-ton, 120 mph deadly machine is named after a cartoon character to capture an immature audience.

Education comes to mean the instillation of establishment values, earnings potential. Drop-outs remain poor, we are reminded.

Why go on? Who has the eyes to see, let him see. My point is: To those who have been conditioned to find such a society normal, anyone who sees it in a different light — humanist, socialist, or hippy — will seem very strange, perhaps even INSANE...

Feb. 9, 1968

In a Pool of Sludge

By Joe Reiss

*The Lone Haranguer was our name,
Thought-birth was our game.*

Yes, "was" is the correct terminology to describe the brief ride of Poppa Terry and his boys.

Greeks can roll over and sleep peacefully; the attack is repulsed. Independents can also sleep peacefully, but then they never awake.

The few sheets of paper that cause so much mental anxiety to about five people had a very short life span. It first appeared at the time of the 1967 spring elections.

It was a cheaply-constructed single sheet that sniped at the Ma-le Day Princess candidates. It was wild and woolly, coarse and crude, and extremely honest. The appearance of the mysterious unsigned paper had an effect about like a cup of ice water thrown upon the naked body of a 60-year-old grandmother in a warm therapeutic bath.

From this glorious heritage, The Lone Haranguer went on to nip at the ankles of the giants on campus; all two of them. The satirical lance was turned against Greeks and the administration.

The attacks were not discreet and subtle. Rather, they were like the ravings of an abused child who suddenly found the ability to reply in a humorous and clever mode.

The chief child-lancer was a tall, quiet young writer named Phil Hargrove. The large store of intelligence behind his glasses was the cause of many a wince by many well-deserved victims of his pen. His work was creative, literate and dangerous. He

looked and wrote like Boston Blackie with glasses.

But Hargrove had not written anything in the fall issues of The Lone Haranguer. It was a new paper, and had a new philosophy: Beat the Establishment at its own game. The old raunchy Haranguer died, and the "respectable" Haranguer was born.

The issues were now signed. The paper was printed by a professional printer. The issues contained such radical innovations as photographs and "well-planned" make-up. The staff had a new purpose — to make people think.

The diverse group of people wrote on anything it wanted to — from socio-economic theories to parody, from civil rights to hip-type cartoons. The only central goal was to cause some type of mental wave in a pool of sludge.

It failed.

In the whole history of The Lone Haranguer, not one letter was received from an OU student. Letters were openly solicited in last fall's editions. Actually, the Haranguers were almost promiscuous in their attempts to solicit comments.

The only letter received that caused any reaction was from a prankster who commented on the anatomy of Jesus. True to its policy as an open forum, the letter was printed.

The Haranguer had started as a simply-made piece of funny hate. It became a paper with a purpose. Unfortunately, the better the product, the more labor goes into its birth. Last fall's papers were the result of many hours of hard labor.

Most of the labor fell on the shoulders of Terry Humphrey, alias Fat Terry, Big T, Poppa Terry, and Humff, who seemed

to have the shoulders of Atlas. Not only did he create and nurture the paper itself, he worked, raised a wife and two kids, and mediated the wide variety of contributors who seemed to want a radically reactionary, radically radical, eloquent, simple, weekly, monthly paper.

Of course, Humphrey had help from assorted fanatics, wives, girl friends, and a Golden Retriever named Jocko.

The art work of David MacCallum was a highlight, as were the legs of his fiancée, Jane Sheldon, at newspaper-folding sessions.

As a dedicated member of the staff, I probably did the least amount of work. I couldn't even fold papers properly. But the thrill of working on this losing cause was a true gas. No young man could resent long hours of well-lubricated discussions on the entire gamut of discussionable subjects — anything from Ravi Shankar's attitudes to the coming attractions at the Muse.

But this is a eulogy. It is sad.

One day the Haranguers were selling the paper in the Ouampi Room to cover expenses. It was the first time, since all previous costs were defrayed by the Haranguers — contributions from the good people, and advertising sold to some with the rare combination of guts, brains and money.

Suddenly a voice from heaven, or the administration (which is pretty close to it): "Will Terry Humphrey report to the information desk?"

Alas, portents of doom, tidings of woe. Before he had ambled through the room's east door we knew the gig was over.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Lone Haranguer; it's alive and well in the minds of thinking students, wherever they may be.

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Oct. 23, 1964

Trashing Traywick

By Paul Henderson

On July 30 of this year, just two days after it was announced that Dr. Leland Traywick would succeed Dr. Milo Bail as president of Omaha University, that decision was opposed by a man in the nation's capital.

Congressman Glenn Cunningham, from Nebraska's Second District, had two axes to grind.

He questioned the judgment of the OU regents in hiring the man whom he charged had been "fired" as president of Southwest Missouri State College at Springfield.

He also criticized the statement by Traywick that he would permit a communist to speak at OU under controlled conditions.

One of Cunningham's complaints was that the announcement of the hiring of Traywick contained no mention of his dismissal at the Missouri school. "Facts were withheld," Cunningham charged.

"When the news story announcing his selection carried no mention of the dismissal," he said, "I was the one who learned of this and so informed the people. The people should have been informed because this incident was of major importance."

To understand the background of this issue, it's necessary to go back to the day of the announcement. The OU regents faced a difficult job: how to handle the complicated news on the Southwest Missouri controversy.

"We considered making copies of newspaper clippings and the regents' statement and releasing it all to the news media," explained Varro Rhodes, president of the regents. "But we decided not to make a public announcement at that time."

Rhodes said the regents, with advice from news executives, decided that public announcement of the Missouri hassle "would unnecessarily place us into controversy with the regents at the Missouri school."

"It was not intended to be a secret."

The story of the resignation of Traywick came to light during the day of his introduction. "And we made all the information available," Rhodes said.

A story in the July 29 morning edition of the Omaha World-Herald carried the information that Traywick had been asked to resign from the Missouri school.

Thus, Rhodes labeled as a "glaring, absolute untruth" Cunningham's statement that it was he (Cunningham) who brought to public attention a disagreement between Traywick and the Missouri regents.

Cunningham continued his criticism of the selection by citing reasons why Traywick had come to odds with the Missouri regents. There were conflicts that the OU regents had studied in detail and discounted as irrelevant in their choice of the man.

"We had thoroughly investigated the report of Dr. Traywick's problems in Missouri one month before Mr. Cunningham knew they existed," said Rhodes.

What did Cunningham have to say about the enormous public support of Traywick in Springfield? He was told that the Missouri faculty, alumni, and students, as well as the Springfield newspaper and local citizens, had commended Traywick and condemned the Southwest Missouri regents.

Cunningham discounted this fact with the statement: "They all stick together ... they don't evaluate the situation on its merit."

He added: "That's one of our problems today. Many faculty



members all over the country are so liberal. Students go to college with good conservative philosophies and come out far leftists."

With the word "liberal," Cunningham was referring to the second facet of his opposition to Traywick. It grew out of remarks made during a press conference in Omaha shortly after the announcement.

Traywick was asked: "What would you do if a communist were to appear on campus?"

He provided this word-for-word reply:

"As far as the communist is concerned, I would say this: Provided that he is not just a person off the streets or some irresponsible derelict or what not, if he is a person that is well-grounded in his ideas, if he is logical and reasonable, I would like to have the faculty and students hear this particular person, provided there is discussion afterwards, and provided we have a program — a whole series of speakers on various topics on this order.

"Meaning Fabian socialism, meaning fascism, meaning democracy, meaning the private enterprise system that we have, so that in the lecture-discussion — open, frank, laying the cards on the table — we can see really where the truth belongs. We haven't a thing to fear in this country when there is open discussion. It is the dictators that fear this sort of thing."

Cunningham immediately took a stand in opposition by suggesting that students should hear of communism only from faculty members. "It's not a matter of academic freedom," he

contended, "but rather a matter of giving communism respectability."

Cunningham quoted recent testimony in Congress by FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover:

"Among the specific programs they (communists) have implemented is an intensive speech campaign which has seen party functionaries appear at colleges and universities from Maine to California."

And Cunningham added: "I do not think there is any right enjoyed by the communists which requires a university to give them an audience or sponsor their appearance."

Following this criticism, OU faculty members banded together and issued a statement in complete support of Traywick. But because of the attack, the president-elect had little choice but to issue his own statement.

On communism: "I have no love for communism, fascism, socialism or any other 'ism' save Americanism," said Traywick. "I hate and abhor communism as much as anyone. My church and creed are totally opposed to it."

On communists on campus: "I have never had anything to do with communists ... nor have I ever invited one to any campus; nor do I intend to invite one to the campus of Omaha University."

Such a statement is seldom required of a man with such a distinguished background. Traywick had, perhaps, been forced to take somewhat of a more conservative view. But if this was considered by Cunningham as a measure of success in his one-man campaign, the achievement was, no doubt, dimmed by the countercharges that came from the other side.

Rhodes challenged Cunningham to cite "one single activity or association on the part of Dr. Traywick that could brand the man as anti-American or pro-communist."

He also charged that Cunningham took up the Traywick issue "because he's still mad that Dr. Thomas Bonner (former OU professor) opposed him in his congressional race two years ago."

Rhodes, in a statement released to the press, charged that Cunningham, at that same time, attempted to talk the regents into firing Bonner.

"The Board of Regents and I resent the fact that Glenn Cunningham assumes to be such a guardian of the problems of the University of Omaha without regard to the stature and status of the board's members," said Rhodes.

"We consider Cunningham's activities of the moment as a continuation of his peeve at the university because of Dr. Bonner, in spite of the fact that Mr. Cunningham defeated Dr. Bonner by a ratio of 4 or 5 to 1."

Rhodes summarized by saying: "We think the character assassination upon Dr. Traywick that Glenn Cunningham is attempting is dastardly. What he is doing is un-Christian and un-American."

The heated battle lasted about a week. Before Traywick departed for Chicago, where he and his family will reside until the presidential term here starts, he had this to say about his reception in Omaha:

"Omaha is a marvelous city. The people have been very kind. At Southwest Missouri, the news media estimated that I had between 90 and 95 percent of the people behind me.

"This can be done again, for truth and sound principles, and freedom, will always prevail in the long run."

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The Gateway

UNIVERSITY OF OMAHA

Merger
Passes

Vol. XLVII

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, DECEMBER 15, 1967

No. 14

OU-NU-Yes! Omahans Vote 4-1 To Unite State's Big Universities

Hardin Meets OU Faculty, Staff, Students; Plans Readied For Union

Marston Is Named Dean

The OU Board of Regents held their last meeting before the Christmas holidays yesterday.

The meeting was a victory one following so closely the overwhelming approval of the OU-NU merger by the citizens of Omaha. Regents president Robert Spire extended congratulations to both University President Kirk Naylor and Director of the office of Information Ralph Bradley for the parts they played in the informing of the merger issues to the Omaha voters.

Instead of resting after the busy weeks of preparing for the merger, President Naylor will be leaving soon to attend a meeting of the Rocky Mountain Athletic Conference in Colorado.

With unanimous approval, the Regents also adopted a resolution naming Anson D. Marston as Dean of the College of Engineering and Technology. Marston is currently serving as acting Dean of the College.

He served in the army until 1960 when he joined the OU faculty and counts among his military decorations the Legion of Merit, the Bronze star, the Croix de guerre and holds the honorary rank of officer in the Order of the British Army.



OU President Kirk Naylor welcomes NU Chancellor Clifford Hardin to his new domain. For more on the merger, see page 6.

Vacation Extension

Christmas Vacation has been extended another day. The recess which begins tomorrow at noon, will end at 7:30 a.m. Jan. 3, 1968.

Students Register With New Method

A new twist in spring registration will turn in favor of OU students this January.

Present part-time and full-time students enrolling for any day classes must pick up registration packets Monday, Jan. 22 in their Deans' offices.

This replaces the former practice of picking up and completing materials on registration day.

Appointments with counselors should be made before the start of day registration, Tuesday, Jan. 30. Registration cards will be filled out and class schedules arranged at these meetings.

The spring class schedule including the registration schedule is available in the information office today.

Beginning Jan. 30, students will finish registering according to the number of credit hours they hold.

They will first pick up their permits to enroll from the Registrar's office. Class cards must then be acquired and fees paid at the library.

All new day students must pick up materials and see counselors during their designated registration time.

Students taking only evening classes next semester may register by mail. Those people

Omaha Campus Can Expect More Graduate Courses, Ph.D. Program

The last independent municipal university in the United States expired this week with the approval of the OU-NU merger.

By an overwhelming vote of 4 to 1, the voters of the city of Omaha okayed the merger of the two largest universities in the state.

None of the 301 precincts in the city went against the merger. The total vote was 40,035 in favor and 10,753 opposed.

The merger received the largest support in Southwest Omaha. Ward 14, in that area, voted 5,820, for and 827, against the merger. Ward 3 on the Near North Side and Ward 5 in South Omaha, in contrast, gave the merger 2 to 1 approval.

Tuition, Levy Drops

This is very much in contrast with the two times that Omaha voters were asked to increase the mill levy in support of OU. The mill levy elections in 1963 and 1966 were beaten with more than 56 percent of the voters rejecting the property tax hikes.

The merger, however, will bring a two mill drop in the Omaha residents property tax. Omaha property owners had paid \$2 per \$1000 of property evaluation.

The merger also means a \$3 drop in tuition for Omaha residents and a \$13 drop in tuition for Nebraska resident students. Out-of-state student's tuition will remain at the present \$28 per credit hour.

The merger has created about the twentieth largest university system in the country and will become official on July 1.

An estimated 29 thousand students will attend the University of Nebraska next fall, according to school officials. About two-thirds of that number will be on the Lincoln campus and the other third, here.

Campuses Coordinated

Dr. Clifford M. Hardin, NU Chancellor will become the top administrative official. According to Dr. Hardin, present OU President, Dr. Kirk E. Naylor, will be named "chief executive officer" of the Omaha campus in April.

Dr. Hardin met with OU officials Wednesday to begin the job of coordinating the Nebraska University System.

Dr. Hardin, also, met with OU faculty, staff and students at an all-school convocation Wednesday morning. He outlined several plans that the Omaha campus could expect. He stressed that the same faculty members will teach the same courses next fall on the Omaha campus.

He told the 25 hundred students and faculty assembled that they could expect coordinated plans between the OU campus and the NU Medical Center campus in Omaha and that more graduate courses would be offered here, particularly, with a Ph.D. program which would allow Omaha residents to work on a doctorate without moving to Lincoln.

Senate Approves All Four Student Affairs Resolutions

The University Senate passed all four resolutions presented by the Council on Student Affairs. They now await administration approval.

The controversial resolution to remove dress regulations in the Student Center and Library passed the 26-member Senate with only two dissenting votes. It now goes to Dean of Students Donald Pflasterer and Vice President George Rachford for final approval.

The resolution providing that recipients of University scholarships (except the Regents and University Honors) must take at least 12 credit hours each semester passed.

Under it, students who find it necessary to drop below the 12-hour limit may present a written request to the Scholarship Committee and get approval to drop below the 12-hour minimum in a given semester.



Lost Angel



By Warren T. Francke

Once the Wild Angel was Peter of Izard Street.

He was Peter Fonda, least typical freshman at the University of Omaha. He was Holden Caulfield then, too . . . at 17.

He wrote short stories about "phonies," and when interviewed in February, 1958, he pronounced Omaha campus life "vapid."

Now it's February, 1968, and Esquire magazine describes "Holden Caulfield at 27." Another Peter Fonda spills freely into Rex Reed's tape recorder, and Reed dumps it on the reader.

Maybe it tells it "the way it is" with a well-traveled (on LSD) Peter. Maybe not.

For the unEsquired, the fonda-via-Reed version of Holden Goes to College sounds something like this:

Pete flips out at prep school; Sister Jane ships him to Aunt Harriet's (Mrs. John Peacock, 5205 Izard St.) in Omaha; she insists on schooling; Pete takes clinical tests, some "stupid and insane"; results say he should be in college, but he needs a high school diploma.

So, he attends OU and Brownell Hall at the same time; OU bored the boy who's dug it all before with Picasso in person, with Hemingway, Faulkner and all those cats.

Then he put down Montaigne as a plagiarizer in an English paper and got an F. "I failed because she didn't like what I said — that was college.

"They sock it to you, baby."

And, the Esquire spread continues, if grades didn't grab it, neither did the girls. After all, at 15 he had fallen into the clutches of a 28-year-old married woman in Rome.

" . . . and I was expected to come home and date these nice girls in Omaha."

Well, that's some of what he said in the big spread. There's more . . . the sad part, the suicides, the loneliness, father Henry and the five wives.

Like learning the truth about his mother — "doing herself in in an insane asylum" — from a magazine in a barber shop. But that's not the point. Pete's pathetic childhood is not the point at all.

I mean, I could tell you Pete had every good reason to rebel like hell at OU; that I've never known anyone better equipped with valid claims for copping out; that he WAS the kid we'd read about in short stories and painful poems.

But Peter of Izard Street did not rebel.

He played the game well. He didn't get an F in freshman English; he may have been bored, but he got a B.

And he didn't hit and run; he enrolled every fall, spring and summer from September, 1957, through January, 1960.

The same Peter Fonda who rubbed elbows with Picasso willingly took the humblest job on the student weekly. He hauled bundles of newspapers from the printer to the campus.

He took walk-on roles in student plays and waited patiently for bigger parts. No tempers, no tantrums, no missed rehearsals.

The same jaded lad who reveled in Rome mooned in Omaha. He fell in love with a tall, blonde girl named Carol.

There's more to this story, too. For example, these campus scenes:

Act I, Scene I — Freshman girl hears the son of Henry Fonda is a classmate. She asks a circle of respected elders, fraternity men all, counseling over Cokes and coffee:

"What's Peter Fonda really like?"

"A real phony."

Scene II — A girl named Judy dates Peter and writes an English 112 composition about a boy who will always walk alone.

Scene III — Peter and Carol walk together down Administration Building halls. They're going to class; they're not holding hands.

Behind their backs, guys who don't know them yell, "Are you gettin' any, Pete?"

Act II, Scene I — Christmas, 1958. Peter takes Carol to New York. Lauren Bacall throws a cocktail party; Carol meets Jane and Henry.

Scene II — Sorority leaders call Carol aside. They've heard bad reports about her and Peter. She denies the reports . . . and learns a little more about life in the spotlight.

Scene III — It's spring, May, Ma-ie day on the campus; floats fill the Fieldhouse. Peter's there, too. Sad, grieving.

What's wrong? Carol did him wrong. Oh well, he sighed, "I guess it can't be April forever."

Once the Wild Angel, the pride of the personality posters, the biker with strange shades and stranger groovies dangling down . . . once he was Elwood P. Dowd.

You know, the man who talked to "Harvey."

He was also an undertaker in "Our Town," a butler in "The Happiest Millionaire," and even less in "Picnic" and "Guys and Dolls." And when he made it to Broadway in "Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole," he told UPI:

"I never had my mind set on anything in particular until a couple of years ago when the acting bug got a good hold on me as the result of dramatic work I did at the University of Omaha and the Omaha Playhouse."

The Playhouse came later. He caught the bug at OU.

Caught it from Ed Clark, maybe. Dr. Edwin L. Clark, director of the University Theater.

Was Peter a prima donna? "He was just a sweet kid," Dr. Clark recalled.

The director remembers no problems, no missed rehearsals, no overt rebellion. He remembers a boy who "talked for hours with my wife," a boy "who was deeply in love with Carol."

Most of Peter's 52 credit hours at OU were concentrated in speech and drama. He tried creative writing, too.

"Bright . . . imaginative . . . gregarious, never difficult or obnoxious," Dean Robert Harper described his writing student. "But he came to class when he felt like it."

Peter wrote some poems and two short stories — "Threshold" and "All Alone."

Here's where I come in. I was a member of the board and later chairman of "A Grain of Sand," the OU literary magazine.

A member of the creative writing class, too. A motley crew that class . . . a repatriated expatriate from Paris, a would-be Nazi (who later joined Rockwell for awhile), a future TV science fiction movie host and local leading man.

We published "Threshold" and left "All Alone" alone.

"Threshold" told of a photographer whose graphic eye could only capture the surface of life. It told of two kinds of people in a cabaret:

"Those that were blue had a certain aloofness from the rest. They alone had not been duped by the liquor, poor jazz, or ugly girls inside."

It told of jazz musicians: "The crowd applauded furiously — Phonies, thought the pianist — but inside he glowed."

"Threshold" appeared in the May, 1959, "Grain of Sand." "All Alone" didn't; it seemed too personal, too intimate, too painfully autobiographical.

It seemed like the kind of story that would be unearthed later to embarrass an older and wiser Peter Fonda. I was wrong; at least it wouldn't embarrass Peter Fonda in February's Esquire.

The story sends a boy home from prep school; father and

stepmother and friends are enjoying a cocktail party; son's arrival is irritating.

It winds up with a scotch-drenched bedroom scene: Sad and sordid.

Everything wasn't this serious, though. Peter did silly things sometimes.

I need to tape record an interview for Radio-TV Newswriting class one day. We decided to do a Bob-and-Ray routine on the national potato chip championship.

No script. Just a premise, then wing it.

We really broke it up; we laughed hilariously at our own comic genius; after awhile, almost every line laid us on the floor. The snickers signaling our outbursts managed to sneak onto the tape.

Just plain silliness. Not too cool. No sophisticates we.

Then when KMTV decided to do a five-minute feature on beatniks, they knew where to look. No matter that Peter dressed like Joe College or that I held a steady job as a reporter.

We knew the right words, and we made the 10 p.m. news.

I was "escaping from anonymity." I don't know what Pete was doing; all I can remember is how badly he wanted his father.

But we weren't friends. We ran on the hills of Memorial Park one day, but I didn't know how to be friends . . . not with all his fame and money. Too much.

When our paths crossed again he had triumphantly returned from New York and "most promising" awards for "Stanley Poole." His wife, Susan, was along. We talked briefly and I wrote a newspaper feature:

"A different Peter Fonda left Omaha Thursday.

"Pete used to be the son of Henry Fonda. He seems more his own man now.

"A taste of success and a few months of marriage make their mark. But perhaps the key is acceptance into his father's world, where there wasn't always time for him."

Four days later, UPI tabbed Peter "the best bet to win the part of John F. Kennedy in PT-109." They were wrong, too.

Then came the TV roles and the movies, "Tammy and the Doctor," "The Wild Angels," and "The Trip." And the personality posters depicting the lean, mean motorcyclist.

And the death of Stormy McDonald, who knew how to be his friend, and the pot-smoking arrests, and, finally, the Esquire interview.

"I don't know anything about what Peter is like now," Dr. William T. Thompson, the former OU dean who aided Peter's entry into college said, "but I know his experience in Omaha was real good.

"He was anxious to be part of life here . . . he gave it everything he had."

Mrs. Mary McCoy, his first English teacher, recalls "only good experiences, no bad ones" with Peter.

"It was a good time in his life," Dr. Clark said. "It saved him at least for the time being."

And Peter's opinion?

Once, a year after leaving Omaha, he praised the fresh air, the open fields and roads, the ski hills.

"I used to love to fly kites in Memorial Park."

He also used to come pathetically close to begging the boys not to date his Carol, because, for God's sake, he needed her so much more.

Today is Peter Fonda's 28th birthday. Wish him a happy one.

And please don't be cynical. It is not an easy thing to be Holden Caulfield at 28.

This article originally appeared in the Sun Newspaper of Omaha. It is reprinted here in The Gateway for the third time.

July 16, 1971

The Right Side

By Dan McMullen

On July 8, The Gateway had the dubious distinction of being the only news facility reporting the Memorial Park confrontation from the "wrong" side.

The "right" side was made clear to me by four Omaha policemen. With a nightstick jammed in my belly and a kick in the groin that knocked me over a bush and flat on my back, the kind officer explained to me: "If you're a reporter you better get on the right side."

The right side was behind the line of squad cars in Memorial Park with the other news people. The wrong side was, of course, in Elmwood Park ravine with the youthful protestors.

The Thursday night battle began, for both camps, much earlier in the evening.

As the sound of the gentle bells of Dundee Presbyterian Church drifted across Memorial Park, three squad cars and Chief Richard Andersen's command car pulled into the drive of the park. It was 6 p.m.

Sgt. Charles Circo explained his presence in the usual buck-passing manner: "We're here at the order of the higher-ups. We're not making any arrests, yet."

The other side was suiting up in Elmwood Park at the free rock concert.

The free concert was developed by Jim Kresnik, recreational coordinator for the city, and Jim Jackson of the Moose family.

According to Jackson, the Moose family has been trying to get outdoor rock concerts going all year. Apparently, the two nights of combat had convinced the powers that be to give in and divert the young peoples' attention.

"It's sort of an appeasement," said Jackson. "With the music we hope to keep them away from the park." Jackson also said there may be more concerts in the park "if they don't blow it tonight."

Kresnik went to great lengths to explain why Elmwood Park was an ideal setting for the young to get their heads together. He pointed out the inconvenience of other parks for similar concerts because of picnics and location.

Protest leader Tim Andrews was in the park streets trying to get a little bread for bail for those arrested the previous two nights.

"I'm not going to do anything but try to keep the concert cool," said Andrews.

Mayor Leahy said earlier in the day that all the trouble had been caused by lack of respect for the law.

Andrews replied, "All this happened due to a lack of respect for City Hall."

Others of the Andrews following were distributing Yippie information on what to do if confronted with a herd of Omaha's finest. Part of the text read:

"Our battle is not with the police. DO IT — but remember, these poor bastards are doing what MussoLeahy tells them — they are not the real enemy."

Before the first group, Greenwood, played, an announcement was made to the growing audience:

"It was a promise that the riot police won't come here tonight as long as you people are here. If they break their promise ... then ... then."

The police were already busy breaking their promise by stationing eight helmeted policemen at the southwest end of the park, near the baseball field.

The music was hot and the air was scented with new-burnt grass. Wine bottles were tilting everywhere. Baseball bats seemed to grow from the newly settled earth. The crowd swelled in size to perhaps 3,000.

In Memorial Park, police numbers also grew. It's hard to say what they were smoking. Squad cars blossomed in every direction. By 8 p.m., seven or eight arrests were made in Memorial. But the main body of future arrestees were still in Elmwood, groovin' on the sounds.

Bozo had taken over for Greenwood on the makeshift stage. As 10 o'clock drew nearer, more pleas for "don't go into the park" were added into the breaks between sets. "Unless," said someone from the stage, "you've got something big enough to bring those big guys down to your size."

The big-talking thousands in Elmwood dwindled to perhaps 600 on the skirmish line on

Dodge Street. The rest of the he-men put their baseball bats back in their cars and tried to sneak out of the park as fast as possible.

It was certainly no Woodstock Nation formed on Elmwood Green. World-Herald photos showed many baseball bats at the concert; an appreciable number of those went home with the protestors' fair-weather friends.

On the line, drawn south of the sidewalk on the south side of Dodge Street, were the protestors. In Memorial Park, using darkness for cover, Omaha police moved their 15 or so squad cars to the middle of the hill, about 100 yards from the northern sidewalk.

Had a member of the police been among the crowd of jeering youths, he would have known that the initial stand-off, created by the lack of policemen, would probably have quelled the incident.

While the squad cars were on the hill, people were leaving the area. Many "see you later" and "I'm going home" were mixed with, "Either this is going to be the worst night or it's going to be a bust."

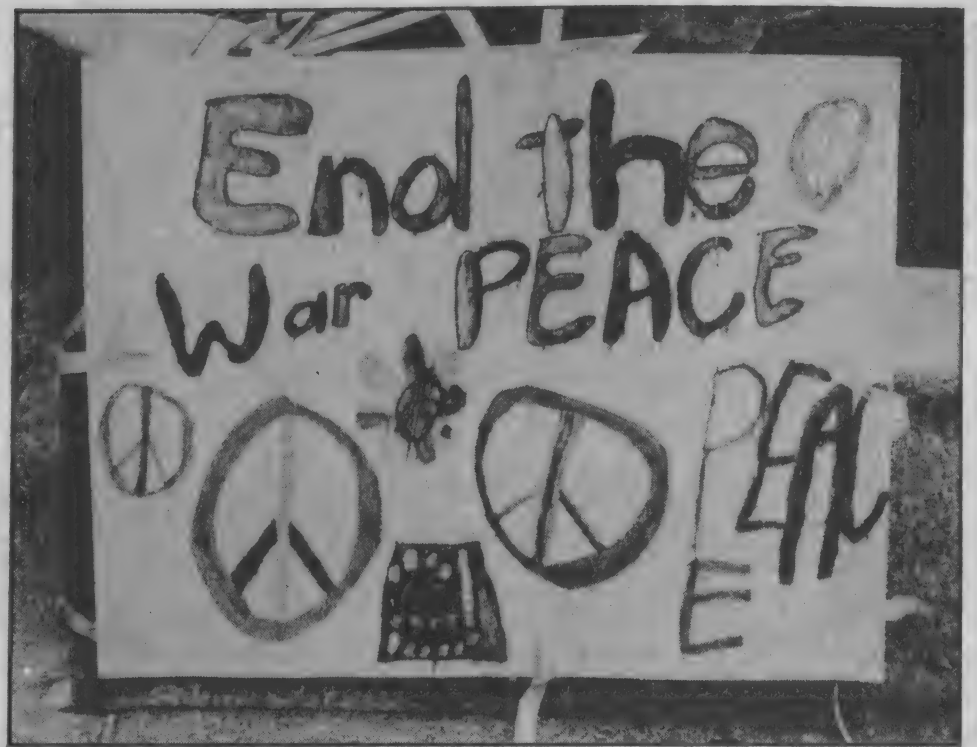
As the crowd thinned out, a young man with a slingshot broke out a streetlight. For the police, it must have been the magic moment. A wave of squad cars appeared within rock-throwing distance of the crowd. Many who were leaving turned around and joined the others.

It was 10:30. A scratchy bullhorn reported to the crowd, "You are ordered to disperse. You must leave this area at once." If anything was said about what law gave the police the right to issue this order, it must have been garbled while the bull-horn cleared its throat.

Rocks came from everywhere. Portions of sidewalks were sacrificed to become missiles.

At 10:40, tear gas began to flood the area. A gentle breeze blew the gas past the crowd and deep into the ravine.

At 10:55 another dose of tear gas drove the mob to the southeast side of Happy Hollow



Boulevard, and then on to the UNO campus. In the next 10 minutes, rocks rained on two squad cars foolishly parked in the middle of Dodge Street.

For those who believe the story about the shotgun blast fired at police, all I can say is I saw a rock, and the hand that threw it, break a cherrytop while a firecracker exploded nearby.

At 11:05, the police broke. The crowd swarmed in the neighborhood behind Happy Hollow.

My own experience with the police began at this point.

A large policeman, about the size of a left tackle, approached me and said, "Who the fuck are you?" I explained that I was from the UNO paper.

"You'd better get the fuck out of here." Not wanting to argue with the left tackle, I started to walk toward Farnam Street when I saw a girl being chased by three policemen.

At the same time, the left tackle reappeared with three other policemen. "I thought I told you to get the fuck out of here," he said.

The four men stood in a half-moon around me, keeping my back to some bushes. A shorter officer jabbed his nightstick into my stomach, and the left tackle placed a drop-kick into my groin.

By that time I wasn't sure what the right side was. I had received reports from eyewitnesses who said police broke the windows of cars parked on Happy Hollow the previous evening.

I saw police breaking taillights of passing cars with their nightsticks.

I saw a WOW newsman being chased by a policeman swinging his stick like a propeller.

I saw blind rage in these men when I thought I should have seen steadfast determination to enforce the law.

You can only expect an unruly mob to be unruly. From a functioning police force, however, you expect professional handling of the problem. These men are supposed to know how to handle a riot or, more importantly, how to prevent one. None of that was displayed Thursday night.

My first impression was that we had been paying the police too much money. Money was the least important thing to the boys in blue. The city could have gotten off a lot cheaper by giving them a basket of grapes and a bunch of bananas.

But I've got to be fair. These men are not trained adequately. Riot psychology is another four-letter word to them.

The Mob wasn't led by the most restrained protest leaders in town. Tim Andrews, who said he was trying to keep the concert "cool," was passing out hand-sized bottles of Ripple wine at the concert, and stood facing the police with an egg in either hand, later.

Talk, since that Thursday, may have been the most damaging thing. Some people are calling the police names. The rest are calling the protestors irresponsible rabble. The point has probably been lost and the trouble stashed away for another year.

The point? If you're five years old or 30 years old, Omaha is a great place to live. But if you're in between, the city has failed you year after year, and this year looks like no exception. The blame lies within the brain of everyone who is condemning one side or the other without doing something to solve the problem.

Unless, of course, you can justify rocks and nightsticks.



Takeover

In November 1969 a group of UNO students seized control of the chancellor's office, seeking a stronger voice in decisions affecting them. Robert "Jericho" Honore (second from left), a leader of the uprising, is led out the door by an Omaha police officer.

Shoes to Fill

By Dave Coulton

Al F. Caniglia, UNO's head football coach for the past 14 years, was buried Friday morning after funeral services at St. Robert Bellarmine Church.

Caniglia died suddenly of a heart attack on Feb. 19 after being admitted to Bergan-Mercy hospital the day before for lung congestion. He was 52.

Caniglia was the school's winningest football coach ever. Only the ninth person ever to coach football at UNO, Caniglia compiled a 74-55-5 record. A native of Omaha, Caniglia was a standout football player and wrestler at Central High School, and played college football at Creighton University.

Upon discharge from the Navy after World War II, Caniglia played pro ball at Green Bay in 1946. A knee injury ended his career, however, and he turned to coaching. He began at Norfolk Naval Base in Virginia that same year.

In 1947, Caniglia moved to Paterson, New Jersey, to coach semipro team. From there he became an assistant coach at St. Louis University. He again moved in 1951, becoming head football and track coach at Hillsboro, Illinois, High School. Caniglia became Lloyd Cardwell's assistant coach at Omaha U. in 1958.

Two years later Caniglia was elevated to head coach. His coaching career was full of accomplishments. Three of his players became established pros — Gerry Allen, a running back with the Washington Redskins; Marlin Briscoe, a wide receiver for the Miami Dolphins; and Phil Wise, defensive back for the New York Jets.

In all, there were 10 All-Americans who played for Caniglia's teams. He won five CIC conference championships and had five teams nationally ranked during his career.

Caniglia received Coach of the Year honors from the Rockne Club of Kansas City in 1961 for producing Omaha University's first winning season in five years.

Probably his finest season was 1961, as his team finished 8-1-1 overall and defeated East Central Oklahoma 34-21 in the All-Sports Bowl in Oklahoma City. That year Omaha U. was ranked fourth in the NAIA.

Other Caniglia teams ranked in the NAIA were 1963, 11th; 1965, 5th; and 1972, 11th. His 7-2-1 team last season was ranked 15th in the NCAA's Division II.

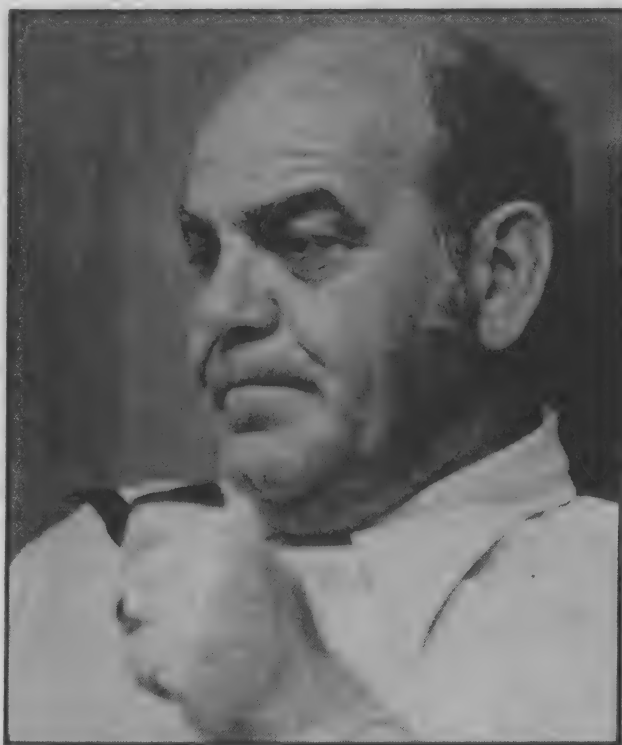
Caniglia did not confine himself to football at UNO. He also served as head wrestling coach for two years, in 1962-63. During those seasons, the school had its first national champion. In addition, George Crenshaw was the 167-pound NAIA king under Caniglia in 1963. Crenshaw had been runner-up at 162 pounds the year before.

After 16 years of service, it's no wonder that Caniglia's death had a shocking effect on the Omaha community and the university. Various civic leaders expressed sympathy at his death.

A scholarship fund in Caniglia's name is being set up by the Maverick Club. Russ Baldwin, UNO athletic business manager and secretary of the club, said the scholarship was not the university's idea. "People called in wanting to donate," said Baldwin.

Other memorials may also be set up. While no one has given the official word yet, various persons have suggested naming the campus stadium after Caniglia.

Even those not directly involved with the athletic program



showed signs of loss at his death.

"For the first time the students had something in common. They were all talking about Caniglia," said one student.

"He never got the recognition he deserved," said assistant coach Carl Myers. "A lot of times he would take squads into contests in which he was overmatched, as far as money, coaches, etc., and he always played them to a standstill."

Myers, who also played for Caniglia, said the biggest legacy left by the coach is "the number of successful young men he worked with."

Mike Giancaspro, one of last fall's team captains, said, "The man can't be replaced. He adapted his program to individuals. Everyone was an individual. But we were a team, too. That's why everyone respected and loved him."

Willie Bob Johnson, a senior cornerback on last year's team, said, "He gave me an opportunity to go to school. Coach Al promised me I would get a good education and he kept his word."

Johnson added: "If somebody does something, he should get recognition before he dies, not after."

Assistant coach Bill Danenhauer said he's never known a coach "loved so much by everybody. I personally feel this institution and community have lost a great person."

Perhaps the best testimonial to the popularity of Caniglia was the enormous number of people attending his funeral. After the services, a line of cars stretching almost a mile followed the casket to its final resting place in Calvary Cemetery.

As Johnson said: "Whoever is going to take his place is going to have a lot of shoe to fill."

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April 2, 1976

A Teaching Fool

Ralph Wardle, professor emeritus of English literature at UNO, will not be on campus next year because of his age.

"I reached the age of 65 nearly two years ago and that's the retirement age," said Wardle in an interview. "They kept me on two years in addition. Next year is the last possible year I could teach at UNO, but I didn't want to stay until I had to be thrown out. So I wrote a letter to Creighton and said, 'Could you use me?' Their retirement age is 70, and they said they can use me."

"It's funny, but when you're the oldest thing on campus, older than the buildings, older than the trees, even, then you begin to feel a little self-conscious."

"Yet, I don't feel old at all. I'm in better health than those years when I was chairman of the English department (1946-1968). Associating with young people all the time has kept me young."

"Really, I'm just a teaching fool. I could go on and on and on. I've heard people say, 'Oh! I look forward to retirement because I'll always be able to do what I've always wanted to do.' Well, there are just two things in the world I always wanted to do . . . to teach and to write."

"Life has always been so simple for me, really. I've had so few problems and have been very fortunate. I genuinely am a happy person. If I were told that I could go back to when I was 20 or 30 years old and make changes, I don't know what they'd be."

"You must understand that it's not my nature to talk about myself. I'm a New Englander and we regard it as bad form to talk about anything that might be regarded as a brag or a boast."

"And I just don't have any theories. I've never had any theory of teaching. I remember once, years ago, they used to send students from the College of Education around to ask people what their theory or philosophy of teaching was. And when they came to me, I'd say the Boy Scouts motto, 'Be Prepared'."

"I tell students studying English literature that they should not only be interested in the history of English literature, and not only in literature as an art form, but also in what it tells them about life and about people. The thing that I'm driving at always is that literature is a practical study to prepare students for the world around them."



"For example, Shakespeare presents people so that you do see what motivates them. You see it in Hamlet, at odd moments, when he is just thinking out loud, and you see what his motives are, but you also see how they interplay with other people. Shakespeare writes so that you understand why he is saying what he is saying."

"After reading so much you get so you look through a person's words and see what's going on inside. I always listen to what people said and try to understand what they mean."

"I find it easier to relate to younger people than older people. I guess that's because I'm around them more and like them because they're fresher and more unexpected. Generally, young people are more open and liberal in their attitudes."

"A great many people my age are so uptight and, I'm sure, regard me as a crazy loon. I shouldn't say a crazy loon, but they think I'm a lot more liberal than I should be. But I'm very fond of my conservative friends . . . I just don't talk politics with them."

Wardle, recipient of UNO's Great Teacher Award, has written biographies of Oliver Goldsmith, Mary Wollstonecraft, and William Hazlett. His teaching reputation can create problems, he said.

"Sometimes I feel my students give me too much respect. At times I feel they don't speak up because they are afraid of me. They are afraid, possibly, because of my age or that they've heard about me since I've been around UNO a long time (35 years). Some students hold me in some kind of awe, and when I try and get a discussion going the students are quiet because they're afraid of not saying the right thing."

"Students haven't had to be afraid of me because I rarely get upset. I remember one time having to answer some type of foolish questionnaire and one of the things was, 'What is your pet peeve?' And I racked my brains and finally wrote down, 'bananas.'"

"I think I am more of a humanist than I am a religious person. I have a strong impulse to serve and that's why I teach. The golden rule I guess that I try to live is 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you', and more than that, whether they do unto you or not . . . you need to be concerned with others."

—Ward Peters

Oct. 22, 1976

He's that kind of guy

By David Krajicek

Is a chancellor born a chancellor or does he have to go through the formality of growing up?

A little research revealed that UNO Chancellor Ronald Roskens definitely grew up — in the town of Spencer, Iowa, 1975 miles northeast of Omaha.

Roskens was a 1950 graduate of Spencer High School in a class of about 115 students.

Without getting too this-is-your-lifey, Ronnie (as you were affectionately called by your classmates), do you remember an old classmate of yours who now lives in Bellevue — Bernie Shirk?

"When Ron was running for student body president our senior year of high school, he had quite a platform for election," Shirk said. "At the school dances, none of the boys danced because they didn't want to look bad on the dance floor."

"Ron got three or four underclass girls and promised to start a dance clinic if he was elected."

Roskens won the election and went on to be a fine president, Shirk said, but he doesn't remember if he fulfilled his campaign pledge.

Shirk, a chemical equipment mechanical engineer for the Metropolitan Utilities District, said Roskens was scholastically "not a big burner" in high school but "just kept plugging in there."

Roskens finished toward the top of the class his senior year, he added.

Shirk said Roskens was a farm boy who rode the bus to and from school every day. "Back in those days, very few kids had cars," he said.

Roskens never played any sports because he had a health problem when he was young that started with rheumatic fever.

"He stayed very active in other areas of high school life," Shirk said. Roskens was involved with Future Farmers of America for four years, along with being an active member of the YMCA.

Roskens was in the school play for two years, worked on the school paper for three years, and stayed active in the Visual Education Club for four years, Shirk said.

He topped these activities off by being elected to class president his junior year and student body president his senior year.

"If there is anyone who had the most effect on Ron going into school administration, it would probably be Daniel Podall, a government teacher, and Arnold Salisbury, the principal," said Shirk.



He remembered Roskens spending a lot of time with the two men his senior year. "I know he admired them and it seemed they could see Ron was going to be a special type of man," Shirk said. They influenced Roskens' going into school administration by their good example.

"I don't remember Ron having a girlfriend in school," Shirk said, "but he was popular with most everyone at school, even though he was a farm kid, and the farm kids and city kids were usually pretty separated."

Claire Powell Wood, an ex-teacher of Roskens still working at Spencer High as a counselor at age 62, remembered Roskens being "a really good guy in high school."

Wood, who taught American literature, said Roskens was a leader throughout high school.

"I recall one case where Ron stepped in and took control of a pretty sticky situation," Wood said. "Some of the boys at school nominated a less-than-popular and less-than-attractive girl as Homecoming Queen as a joke. It got out of hand and the girl made the finals for the queen selection."

"The girl had no escort to the dance — which meant she had no one to walk her up to the stage also," said Wood. "Ron stepped in and said, 'If you can't find anyone to escort her, don't worry. I'll do it myself.'"

She said that is the kind of guy Roskens was in high school. "He could always take control of any situation, no matter what it was," she said.

Roskens consistently had high marks on his citizenship categories as a high schooler, Wood said, and his student characteristics for leadership and reliability were marked "excellent" all through his high school days.

Everyone at the school had a feeling Roskens was a special boy. "We were all very proud of him when he graduated and we are still proud of him," said Wood.

"He was very high up in his class when he graduated, like the top four or five," she added. Although he was busy all the time with his studies, activities, and duties of student body president, Wood said Roskens always had time to help friends out with their studies or problems.

Wood, who has been teaching there for 35 years, said Roskens was "one of the finest students to come out of Spencer High School."

By the way, Ronnie, Bernie and Claire say "Hi!"

Ronald Roskens is now president of the University of Nebraska.

September 14, 1979

A Brotherhood of Persistence

By Matthew C. Stelly

"I would say the word again, as he would want me to: Afro-American — Afro-American Malcolm, who was a master, was most meticulous in his use of words. Nobody knew better than he the power words have over the minds of men. Malcolm had stopped being a 'Negro' years ago..."

— Ossie Davis,
"Our Shining Black Prince"

That excerpt was delivered at the funeral of Malcolm X. I find these words fitting in describing the Malcolm X of our time, Omaha Sen. Ernest Chambers.

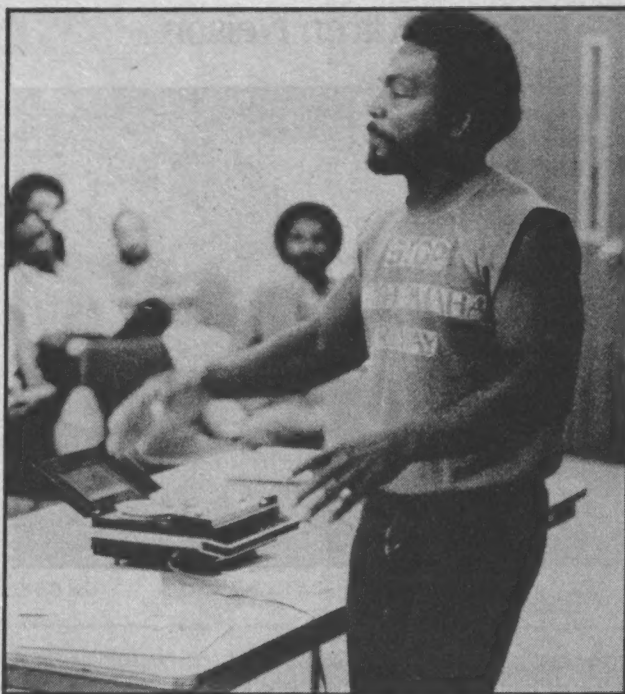
Therefore, I dedicate this article to him and the hundreds of brothers and sisters out there who realize the greatness of this man, but more so to those who seek to assist him in the defense of our interests and the development of our potential.

After talking with Sen. Chambers, it is obvious that the man is dedicated to the struggle for liberation of his people, but even further, Ernie practices what he preaches — there is no vile and vulgar hypocrisy in his life or demeanor. He is, as we say in the vernacular, a "for real brother."

It is a secret to no one that traditional politicians do not have any serious respect for black nationalists as a whole. But even adversaries have to admire Chambers — for his intelligence and eloquence, yes — but also for his dedication against odds that at times may seem insurmountable. Yet he continues on, picking away at the monolith. With each victory comes an opportunity for each and every one of us — professionals, street brothers, students and so on — to breathe a little easier with the understanding that "Ernie is on the job."

At this point, however, I would like to offer the following challenges to everyone who can read these words.

First, it is my belief that many of us have become nonchalant and apathetic about our community; many times we lounge and lollygag, believing that the local disco or a beer can make us somehow "heavy" and give us the needed insight into the nature and scope of our oppression. This leads many of us into a "bag" where we believe the work will get done — by somebody — and thus, we shirk the responsibility ourselves.



By extension, it is rank and reflective of an Archie-and-Jug-head mentality to believe that one man — despite his greatness — can single-handedly deal with the grotesque oppression we face on a day-to-day basis. What we need to do is offer more than lip service to what Ernie is doing. What we need to do is form mutually supportive networks of communication that enable us to act on campus as he does in the legislature. In simple terms, a brotherhood and sisterhood of persistence and partnership — one hand washing the other.

If we can only accomplish this, we will have taken a major step in the right direction, for regardless of what was thought, hoped, assumed, promised or prayed for, our liberation won't

be handed to us by deans, chancellors, coaches or disc jockeys. Since this is the case, we must understand that there are certain tasks we can perform here on campus that would help ease the burden bearing down so heavily on Ernie's back.

We can begin practicing operational (organic) unity. There will never be total unity, but as long as we have the "active minority" functioning there is a necessary beginning. From here we must become serious about our futures in relation to this university. Keep in mind that work and action without direction and design can (and probably will) be counterproductive and time-consuming — no more than a series of empty acts.

Second, we must begin understanding the conditions we are living under. As the 1980s approach, we must begin to see what we need is a reassessment of our positions and postures. We should eliminate our weaknesses and reinforce our strengths. In this way we can be the force that we are capable of being — refusing to mistake fragmentation for freedom, disco dancing for destiny control, and frolic and freakishness for substance and fulfillment.

If we can do these things, we will be showing that leadership, in the final analysis, is collective. For too long we have fallen prey to the "messianic complex," looking for one man to lead us out of the wilderness. This makes the job of the oppressor far too simple. Thus, when he pounces on our lone leader, we look on too weak to do anything but wonder.

Ernest Chambers should be appreciated for what he is in the state senate here and now; we should not sit and rely on the right or left hand of God to give Ernie his "due." This is what we did to King, Malcolm, and Lumumba. To prevent it from happening again, it is important that we stop doing war dances on dance floors and begin taking them out to the field where they belong. Maybe, just maybe, we might dance our way home to a little freedom. And since you've never experienced it, you can't knock it.

It's not too late for us to see that touchdowns, "tomming," and tongue-kissing ain't gonna liberate us. We have to actively challenge what is going on around us. Sometimes we might be wrong, but many times we will be right.

Pamoja Tutashinda (Together We Will Win).

October 31, 1979

Unfettered Thinking



Gail Green

By Mike Kohler

Each semester, a small segment of UNO's student population discovers what higher education really means, and many students shed the racist shackles that bruised and scarred them for years.

The lucky students are members of the state-aid program originated through the efforts of State Sen. Glenn Goodrich of Omaha. A lot of people on campus hear the Goodrich Program mentioned or see it in the catalogues but never know what it is or what it does.

The program is designed to provide a college education to many who would otherwise never realize the benefits. With an emphasis on affirmative action, the program each year recruits with the objective of attaining a balanced and diverse socio-ethnic mix.

Students applying for positions on the Goodrich roster must demonstrate financial need and must agree to attend courses structured by the Goodrich staff during their freshman and sophomore years. The accepted applicants are rewarded with full tuition payment and workshop services, such as a writing lab manned by Goodrich personnel.

Among the courses offered in the program is a second-semester freshman course entitled,

"Perspectives on American Culture," a six-credit course that should be mandatory for all incoming freshmen.

In the course of a semester, the students hear a variety of guest lecturers and consume a wealth of information through literature and exposure to the arts (particularly films, paintings and murals). From these sessions, students take with them truth — truth they haven't heard before but probably suspected.

For example, Chester Fontaneau, a young but well-traveled man who, at the time (two years ago), was visiting from the Lincoln campus, told of his boyhood in the black ghetto of Chicago. So huge was the slum area, he said, he never even saw a white man — except for bill collectors — until he went off to school.

So it came as somewhat of a shock to his listeners when Fontaneau said Omaha was just as racist as anywhere he had been, with the city having some of the most clearly definable racial borders he had seen. Anyone who has ever snubbed a piece of real estate east of 40th Street and north of Dodge Street knows it is true, though.

Philip Deer, a Native American, captivated his audience with a lecture extolling the virtues of a life based on respecting nature and all of

the living creatures that are part of the world. Especially heavy was Deer's emphasis on equality of all human beings, and his listeners nodded eagerly in agreement and praised the speaker glowingly.

They did so because by that time they had been touched by poetry, novels, and short stories by talented black, Chicano, and Native American writers. They had tried to critically analyze art works by Jackson Pollock and others. They had viewed the Mark Rogovin presentation on the Mexican muralists' fight against an oppressive government.

They had also been guided by a team of broad-minded, philosophy-oriented instructors who make a habit of respecting and nurturing individuality in their social and professional contacts. These instructors spent the bulk of their two-hour sessions imparting (but not preaching) philosophies dealing with brotherhood and sisterhood.

In short, students from all walks of life are able to get a look at each other and their respective cultures from a different slant than the one to which they had grown accustomed — the glossed-over American public education point of view.

That more college students should receive such an education is evidenced by the still-too-obvious displays of racist ignorance on this campus. A recent letter in the school newspaper attacking a black writer scurrilously is just one example. Or, if you think UNO has transcended to some higher intellectual plane on the basis of accreditation, just check the abominable graffiti on any restroom wall on campus.

The Wallace mentality remains as strong as ever, and one or two courses probably are not enough to change the collective UNO ideology, but just one semester's exposure to unfettered thinking did wonders for at least one hard-core bigoted student.

The student grew up in a neighborhood on the Near North Side fringe and was socialized in the truest bigot mold. After two decades of thinking it was natural to hate blacks simply because they were black, one would think breaking that hold would be a monumental task.

But it wasn't, and if more of us could take a dose of the enlightenment offered in the Goodrich courses, maybe the words that finish the pieces of The Gateway's best known columnist could come to mean, "Together We All Can Win."

For Its Own Sake

By Karen Nelson



Gail Green

In a recent Newsweek magazine article, UNO fine arts professor Harry Duncan was dubbed "the father of the post-World War II private press movement."

Duncan might argue with that.

"I think they meant 'grandfather,'" he said, laughing. "They called me a 'distinguished, white-haired gentleman,' which made me sound rather ancient . . . I liked the article. But I thought it made me sound sort of over-the-hill, and I don't feel 'over the hill.'"

The article, published in the Aug. 10 issue, focused on several small presses across the United States. Many of the printers featured are several years younger than Duncan, who has been printing since the late 1930s.

At 66, Duncan doesn't seem to be slowing down. Abattoir Editions, the press he runs from the basement of the UNO Art Gallery, has just published "The Music Box Treaty," a novel by Richard Duggin, chairman of the UNO Writers Workshop. Duncan continues to teach courses in printing, and a book of his lectures about typography may be published next year.

Duncan said he first got "the bug" as a graduate student in the 1940s. He split his graduate school years between Duke University and a summer school, the Cummington School for the Arts in Massachusetts.

Duncan credited the Cummington School with getting him started in printing. The second summer he attended the school, a small hand press and some type were purchased.

He experimented with the press and, at the end of the summer, he and a few other students stayed an extra week and printed an anthology of stories.

"Even though it was such an ugly piece of printing that we burned the remaining copies a year later, the process of making it, in our ignorance, was simply marvelous," he said.

Duncan has, however, printed the works of many well-known poets. When he ran the Cummington Press, which grew out of the school, he published works by Allen Tate, Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams as well as Robert Lowell's first collection of poetry.

The conflict between wanting to print and his original goal of teaching English was resolved when Duncan failed to get a master's degree because he overslept on the day of a final exam. He could have made up the exam but decided against it, something he said he never regretted.

Duncan later took a job at the University of Iowa, where he taught typography and eventually directed the advertising and graduate programs.

He enjoyed teaching, but said, "I was getting less and less time to print. I felt conscience-stricken because I was deserting my first love."

In 1972, after showing some of his work at the UNO Art Gallery, the university hired Duncan as a teacher and printer.

Duncan decided to discontinue publishing under the name of Cummington Press and looked for a name more characteristic of Omaha.

"I had passed the stockyards, and that reminded me that Omaha had succeeded Chicago as 'hog butcher of the world,'" he said. "I knew a fancy word for slaughterhouse, which is 'abattoir,' and I decided to use 'Abattoir Editions' as the imprint."

Because UNO subsidizes Abattoir Editions, a hand-produced book costs about \$15 instead of between \$100 and \$5,000, the prices of several books mentioned in the Newsweek article. Duncan said he could not afford to keep prices as low as he does if the university didn't subsidize the press.

"I try to keep my prices down. I think books are for the general public, the common reader. Collectors are very nice people, but I know some collectors who don't read. I think books are intended to be read. That's what they're for."

Duncan said the price of his books cover paper, binding and royalties to writers.

The future of hand printing, according to Duncan, may be as a liberal art — something done for its own sake.

"There's something wonderful about being able to make a difference by the type of ink you use, the amount of pressure, the typeface you choose. With photocomposition, you don't have

that immediate access to the work you do.

"Printing's a craft. One never knows how the book is going to look until the work is finished, because you're constantly changing and improving things. It's time-consuming, except, it's fascinating, so that you do not feel time passing."

Duncan's ear for language (he wrote poetry for several years) is one of the things he said helped him as a printer.

"Having been a poet myself, I think I appreciate the struggles of the writer," he said. "I try, therefore, to preserve his rights to the text. One of my philosophies about book typography is that it should not get in the way of the reader."

"One of the finest compliments I ever had as a printer was from a lady who came to Cummington. She came in and saw a book on the table. She looked at it and said, 'That's nice clear print!' and she picked it up and started to read."

Duncan said he dislikes it when the reader has to "fight the book," and called textbooks a prime example.

"If anything should be attractive and easy to read, it should be textbooks. I go to the bookstore just to look at them as examples of printing, and I see long lines (that) are so long the reader is constantly losing his place, and I see dreary stripes of typography which have a dead texture to them."

Duncan plans to retire soon, although he said he has no definite date in mind. His successor may be Katheleene West, a poet who has taught at the Writers Workshop and a former graduate assistant to Duncan.

"She's a live wire, and she has 'the bug' for printing," he said. "Of course, it will depend on whether she wants to take over. It will depend on the administration."

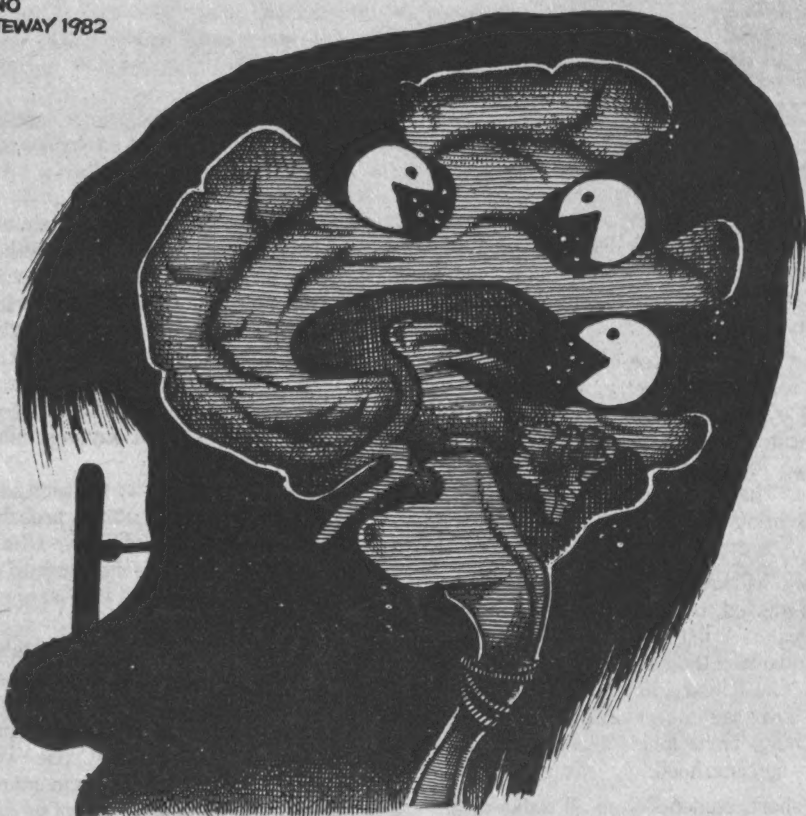
Duncan also said he wants to revive the Cummington Press imprint after his retirement in order to print from his attic.

The Cummington Press is still registered as a nonprofit corporation in Iowa, although the imprint has not been used for several years. It was last used about three years ago when Duncan published a book of risqué poetry by 17th century poet John Wilmot.

"I'll continue printing. I can't imagine not printing."

Kitch

UNO
GATEWAY 1982



TEENAGE LOBOTOMY

For the past three years, Gateway cartoonists David Hitch (left) and Jeff Koterba have contributed award-winning works in national collegiate competition and also regional competition sponsored by the Society of Professional Journalists.

KOTERBA'S THEORY OF EVOLUTION

HOMO SAPIENS SAPIENS:
(MODERN MAN)

HOMO ERECTUS:
(PREHISTORIC MAN)

HOMO SAPIENS COMPACTUS:
(GAS SAVER)

KOTERBA



INVENTOR OF
the WHEEL...



INVENTOR OF
the AUTOMOBILE...



INVENTOR OF
the SMALL CAR

That's right

Frances Blumkin moved on from her days as a campus cut-up to become Mrs. Frances Batt, president of Citizens Action Association, longtime opponents of westward expansion by UNO. At right, she counsels Regent James Moylan of Omaha.



Classified

Business ads: minimum charge, \$2.50 per insertion. UNO students, faculty and staff: \$1.25 per insertion for non-business advertising. Ad size: 150 key strokes or 5 lines with margin set at 30 spaces. \$.50 each additional line. Lost & Found ads pertaining to UNO are free. PRE-PAYMENT REQUIRED FOR ALL ADS. Deadlines: noon Friday for Wednesday's issue; noon Monday for Friday's issue.

LOST & FOUND:

FOR ITEMS LOST AT UNO, contact Campus Security, EAB 100, ext. 2648. Turned-in items can be claimed by a description and proper identification.

PERSONALS:

FATHERLESS BOYS AND GIRLS need a volunteer big Brother or Big Sister for friendship 3 to 4 hours a week. Call Ronald Troy at 339-9720.

FOR RENT:

IN BEAUTIFUL DUNDEE HOME close to UNO. Efficiency with private walk-in, freshly painted, and off street parking. Heat paid. \$155 a month, no pets. Call evenings, 553-3553.

WANTED:

NEED CASH? We'll pay you for your used records if well cared for. Bring them to the Antiquarium Book Store, 1215 Harney Street, open every day.

CAMPUS REPS NEEDED — SKI FREE. Position involves marketing & selling quality ski & beach trips on campus. Earn **FREE TRIPS & HIGH COMMISSION.** Call Summit Tours, 800-325-0439.

FEMALE OVER 25 to share room with two girls. Dundee. Call 551-2606.

FOR SALE:

GREEN HIDE-A-BED COUCH. Only \$35. Call 393-0172.

1972 MGB WHITE WITH BLACK CONVERTIBLE TOP. Must see to appreciate. Call Bill at 397-2657.

1977 PONTIAC GRAND PRIX. Red with white landau top, black velour interior, and 400 cu. in. engine. Best offer. Call 292-8552.

PIONEER PL 100 TURNTABLE, Kenwood KR 5010 receiver, Kenwood KX 500 cassette deck, Bose 301 speakers, and wood stereo cabinet. Call 572-0744.

ATARI 2600 & 3 tapes, \$65. Tripos Velbon, \$20. Black & Decker circular saw, \$20. Men's 10-speed Miyata 20" frame, \$125. Stationary bike, \$50. Keyphone, cordless, 700 ft. range, \$80. Reclining chair, \$50. 895-1374.

HELP WANTED:

PART-TIME WORK \$8/HOUR. Interviewing for load/unload positions consisting of strenuous package handling. Early morning, day and evening shifts, M-F. Will be on campus Oct. 10. For an appointment, contact Student Part-Time Employment, Eppley Building 111. United Parcel Service, an equal opportunity employer.

GALLAGHER'S RESTAURANT. Now hiring dishwashers and experienced cooks for all shifts. Must have wheels. Ask for Tom, 393-1421.

WANTED LIVE-IN BABYSITTER for UNO student 4 nights a week from 4 p.m. on. On bus line. Room and board and small salary. Call 399-8919 or 571-5332.

PART-TIME \$\$. New cosmetic line expanding in this area. For more information and your free makeover, call evenings at 292-8038.

BOSTON — EAST COAST ADVENTURE. Explore opportunities of exciting city while working as live-in child care worker. Immediate openings. One-year commitment. Contact Child Care Placement Service, 149 Buckminster Rd., Brookline, MA, 02146. (617) 566-6294.

OVERSEAS JOBS — Summer/ year round. Europe, S. Amer., Australia, Asia. All fields. \$500-\$1,200 monthly. Write IJC Box 52-NE-2 Corona Del Mar, CA 92625.

SERVICES

TYPING — Free pick-up and delivery on campus with a minimum of 10 pages. Located in Millard. Lloyd's Typing Service: 895-3686.

RESEARCH PAPERS! 306- page catalog — 15,278 topics! Rush \$2 to RESEARCH, 11322 Idaho, #206M, Los Angeles, CA 90025. (213) 477-8226.

LETTER-QUALITY TYPING using word processor. Resumes, term papers, theses, notes, etc. Rates by the page and difficulty. Call Kay 334-7027.

RESEARCH AND WRITING ARE HARD WORK — errors in grammar, punctuation, and spelling put that hard work in jeopardy. An experienced proofreader can help. Call Mary Cutler at EDIT FIRST, 331-0371.

COX 9

Cox Cable Omaha

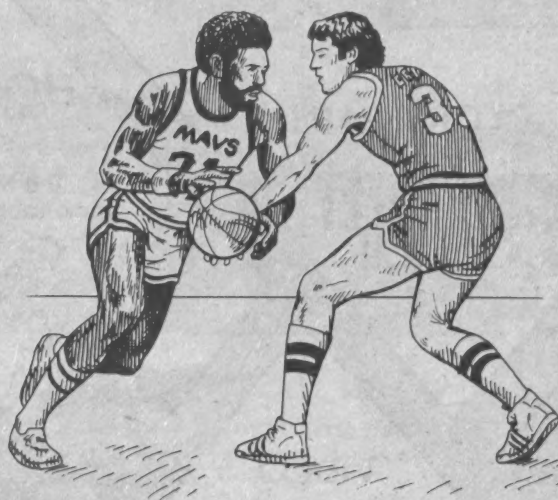
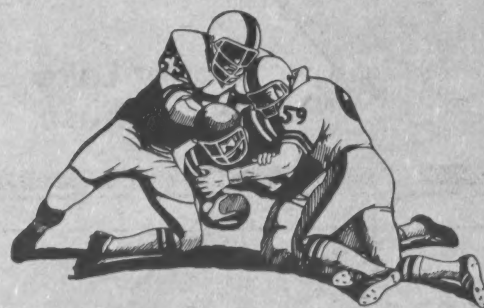


Celebrating UNO's Diamond Jubilee, Cox 9 is covering the Oct. 8th Homecoming Game Festivities.

Replayed the following evening, Sunday, Oct. 9, the game will be shown at 7 p.m. on Cox Cable's channel 9.

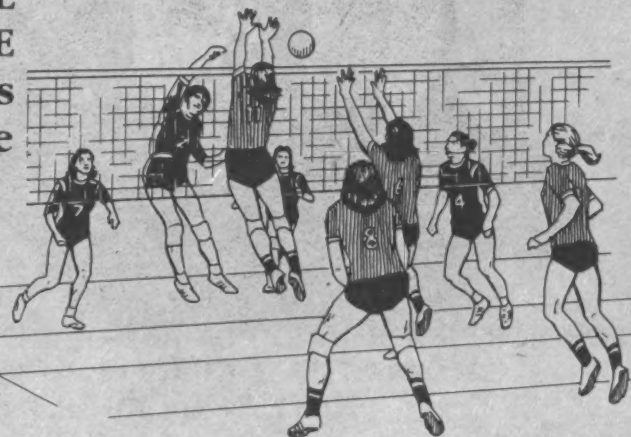
— PLUS —

Coverage of UNO's entire home football season to be shown Sundays at 7 p.m. on Cox 9



Covering UNO Sports all year round, Cox 9 features Lady Mav and Maverick football, volleyball, wrestling, basketball, track, baseball and softball.

CONGRATULATIONS TO UNO ON 75 SUCCESSFUL YEARS FROM COX CABLE OMAHA. (Special thanks from the UNO grads on the Cox 9 team!)



Donate Blood.



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MAVERICK DAYS 1983

UNO'S DIAMOND JUBILEE HOMECOMING WEEK

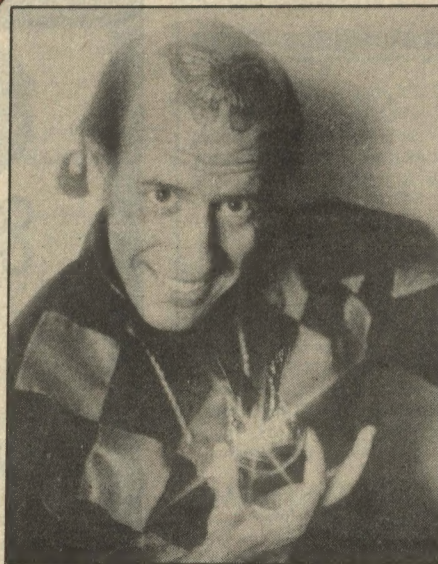


Oct. 3rd 7:30 p.m.
Performing
Arts
Center

Oct. 4th "DR. JOHN'S CHAMPION FRISBEE SHOW"

Shows: 11 a.m., 12 p.m.
Clinic: 11 p.m.
in the
Pep
Bowl

Oct. 5th ROBERT NELSON'S BUTTERFLY MAN



Comedian-juggler
11 a.m.-1 p.m. in
MBSC
Nebraska
Room

Oct 7th
PEP RALLY
11-1 p.m. MBSC mall
FREE hot dogs, chips & pop!
Cheerleaders, pep band,
coach's speech



Carter Lake
Warehouse

9 p.m.-
1 a.m.

GAMES
TOURNAMENT
ALL
WEEK
LONG

PRE-VICTORY PARTY

MAINSTREET
ROCK'n'ROLL

Oct. 7th &
8th



DUSTIN HOFFMAN
Tootsie

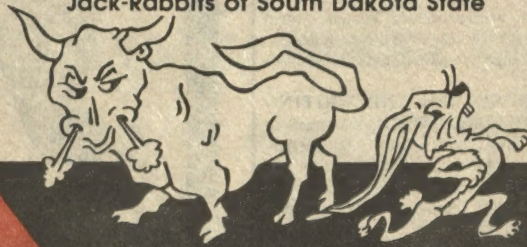
VIDEO OF THE WEEK:

ALLAN KING
GOES TO
QUEENS
COLLEGE

Lower Level
MBSC

Oct. 8th HOMECOMING GAME:

The Mavericks take on the
Jack-Rabbits of South Dakota State



Presentation
of
Homecoming
Royalty

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON ANY OF THESE EVENTS, CONTACT STUDENT PROGRAMMING ORGANIZATION AT 554-2623

Don't Forget To Vote For Homecoming Royalty Thurs., Oct. 6 and Fri., Oct. 7th